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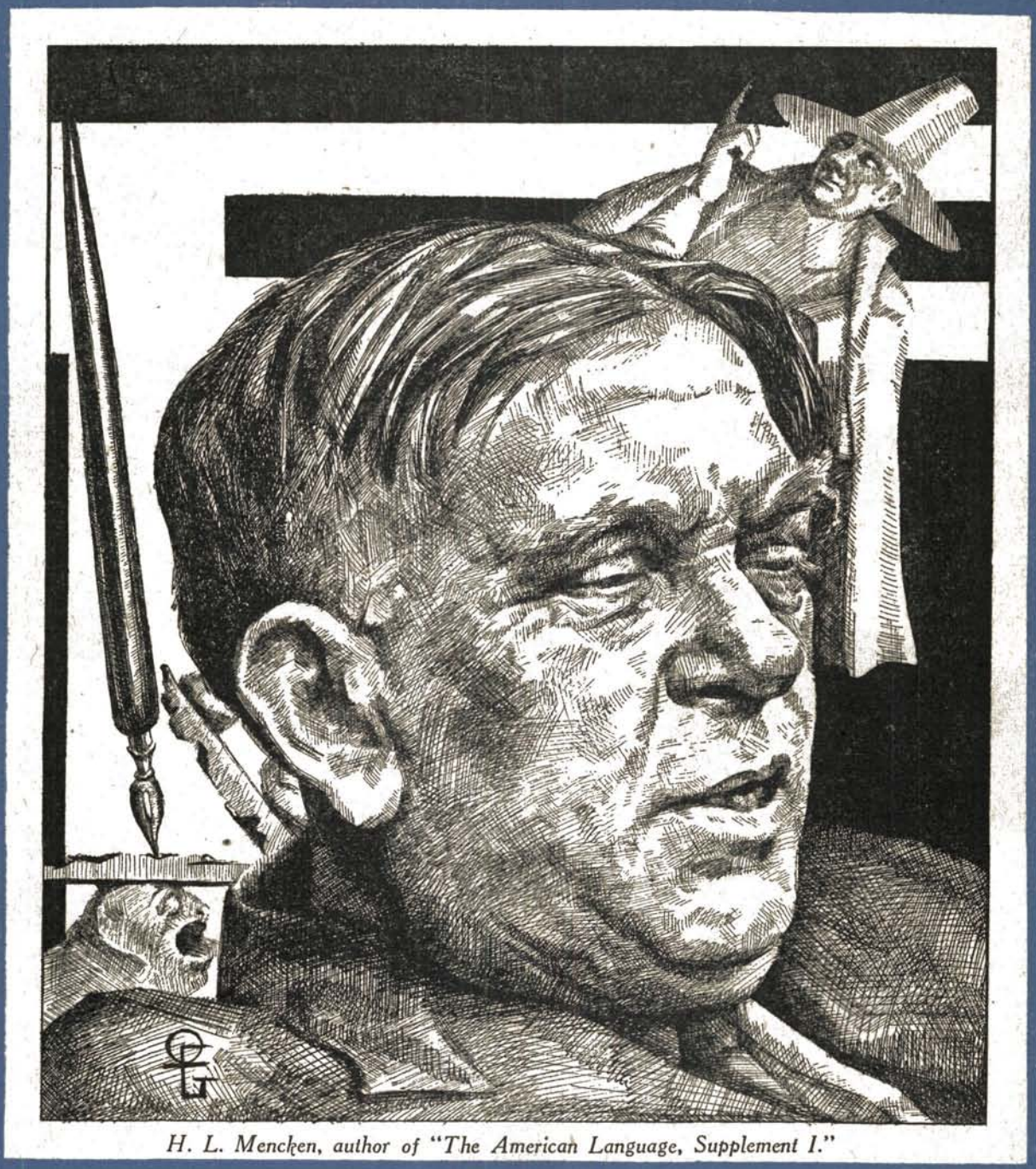

H. L. Mencken, author of "The American Language, Supplement I."

The English Language Is No Sanctuary

BY WALTER SORELL

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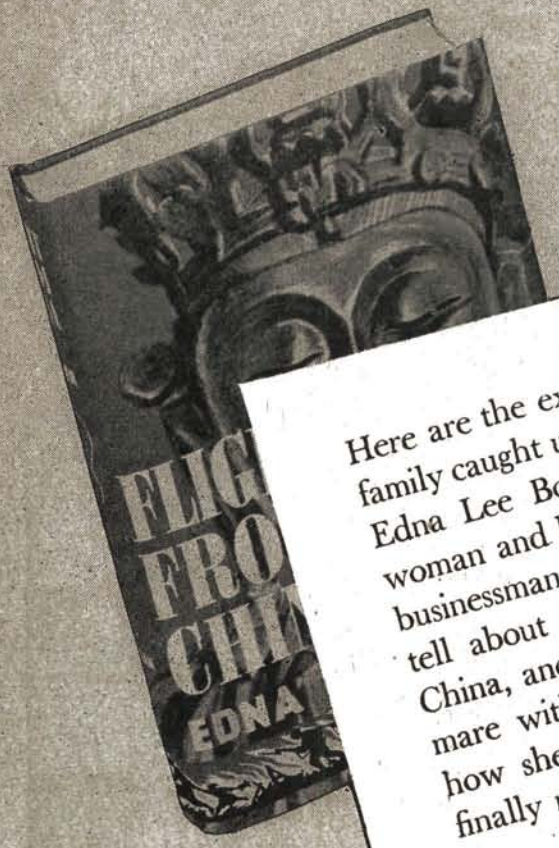

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A wordless history of the United States

THERE must be thousands of people who share some bewilderment at latitude and longitude, isobars, and assorted symbols which make most maps as indecipherable to the layman as the blueprints for a seismograph. Their impatience may not go to such lengths as did Lewis Carroll's captain who

. . . had bought a large map representing the sea
Without the least vestige of land:
And the crew were much pleased when they found it to be
A map they could all understand.
"What's the good of Mercator's North Poles and Equators,
Tropics, zones and Meridian Lines?"
So the Bellman would cry: and the crew would reply
"They are merely conventional signs."

Nevertheless, geography and all its works are not the only province of cartography. A map can be assembled to represent any given state of a given locality at any given time. This fascinating idea was borne in upon us some years ago when Mr. Clifford Lord, Director of the New York State Historical Association, came to us with an idea.

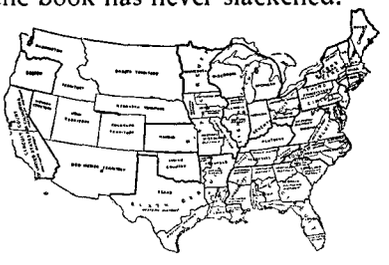
Mr. Lord's plan was to produce a wordless history of the United States, all done with maps. Before we had time to be skeptical, he explained that maps had become more than graphic charts of the cross-hatching paths and way-stations man has established on the surface shell of the earth. They could be charts of historical growth in matters of politics, economics, government, population—in almost any field of human action—and maps, he continued, have this advantage; they are easily understandable and leave an indelible impression on the reader's memory. (An Army officer once said, speaking of the Army's use of animated cartoon maps for the instruction of its soldiers, "Ten minutes with Walt Disney are worth more than ten months with Clausewitz.")

We asked Clifford Lord for samples and, almost immediately, for more samples. Before we realized it, we were many years away and fascinated by the battle lines of the Revolutionary War, New England prohibition laws in 1856, and the course of the Old Shawnee Trail (San Antonio, Texas, to Junction City, Kansas).

We learned that in winter our best chance of keeping warm would be (as we might have guessed) in southern Florida, and in summer the sensible choice for anyone wanting to avoid the heat would perhaps be east central Idaho. It was surprising to learn that so many of our state names were in current use before the palefaces got here. This was the work of the Massachusetts, the Delawares, the Iowas, the Missouris, Illinois, Arkansas, Dakotas, Kansas and the Utes – all Indian tribes. Nor had we known before that there are gold mines in North and South Carolina, Georgia and Alabama. A piece of historical curiosa to benumb our friends is the knowledge that in the House vote of May 11th, 1846, the congressman from Pennsylvania's Eighth Congressional District voted against the bill authorizing the President to use military and naval forces to prosecute the existing war with Mexico. Then we followed the routes of the Overland Mail and the Pony Express and spent several moments wondering about the two diehards in the State of North Carolina who in the presidential campaign of 1936 voted for Lemke. These two, by the way, do not stand naked and alone against the chill winds of history. It may comfort them in their reverberating insignificance to know that in 1892 only two persons in Idaho voted for Grover Cleveland. Forsaking such Thermopylaean stands, we thumbed through other maps. Maps of watersheds, iron ore deposits, forestation belts, Swedish colonization, federal district courts in 1801, military campaigns of 1812, tobacco production, manufacturing areas, colleges, newspapers.

This random sampling occupied us for hours and Clifford Lord was somewhat pained at the way we rummaged through his maps without paying attention to his careful arrangement which made of the isolated charts a strongly organized and full-fibered history.

The result, after many months of editorial and production work was HISTORICAL ATLAS OF THE UNITED STATES in which more than 300 specially prepared maps tell the story of America from its pre-Revolutionary beginnings to the present day. It has gone through several printings so far and, if we are to judge from our sales figures, interest in the book has never slackened.



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The Saturday Review of Literature

The English Language Is No Sanctuary

How the Refugee Writers Get Along in a Strange Tongue

WALTER SORELL

MORE than four hundred foreign writers, driven from the homestead of their activities, have found refuge in this country. They have come from all parts of Europe, most of them from France and Germany.

Their existence on a soil alien to them is naturally a precarious one. Almost any craft can be transferred to other regions, businessmen are at home everywhere, medical men work with the same tools and the same knowledge all over the world. It is a commonplace to state that music, painting, and sculpture are international. Of all the arts, writing is intrinsically linked with the writers' native countries, in fact, with the soil in which they are rooted and with the air they breathe. It is close contact with the changing development of their people which makes the writers develop and grow. And last, but not least, their language, so obviously the outward manifestation of their art and, at the same time, the innermost kernel of it, is the instrument they work with.

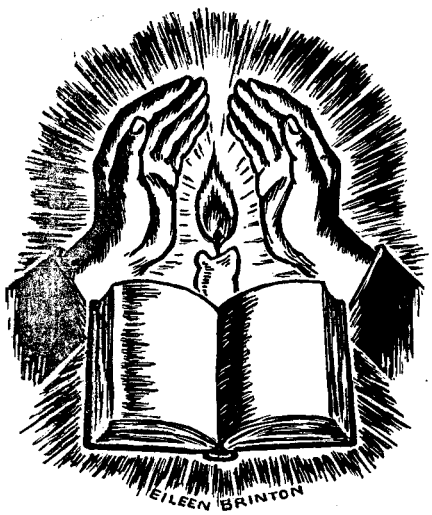
If language were only a cloak with which we could clothe ourselves *ad libitum,* the problem would be reduced to linguistic talent and diligence. This is true so far as languages are considered mere means of communication. As soon as they become expressions of thought and feeling and thereby an artistic medium, our demands and measurements are different. Then, the writers' experience is that, though no Hitler or Pétain can actually deprive them of their language, they have lost it with their native country.

The younger generation of writers who have come to this country almost unanimously have decided to change their instrument and medium. They have plunged into the adventure of writing in English, knowing the many risks and dangers involved. It is an experiment they preferred to the old method of having their scripts translated.

Is not translation the simplest way of reaching an audience beyond the frontiers of one's own language? Yet these writers feel that the frontiers of their languages have been forcibly changed and that their audience speaks English. Consciously, they have wished to manifest with such change of language their political attitude; to deny one's own language to oneself—the supreme sacrifice a writer can make—was the clearest separation from Hitlerism and its denunciation. Unconsciously, it is one means of reaction with regard to the sum total of injustice and humiliation suffered personally and impersonally through Nazism. And, furthermore, it is a grateful gesture toward the American people, the confession that the refugee writers have come to stay and that they wish to become part of this great community.

Many of these young writers have served with our Armed Forces overseas, among them Klaus Mann, Hans Habe, Joseph Wechsberg, and Stefan Heym. Many more have been with the Office of War Information. Others, such as Robert Pick with his "Terhoven File," have achieved singular success. They all realized from the very beginning that having their writings translated would be a way out, but not an aim in itself.

"A language is a world from which it is very difficult to escape," says Julian Green, and, quoting Keats, he speaks of thoughts which are suggested by words. Indeed, the power of words may be so overwhelmingly strong that they may almost become an independent tool forcing the writer's hand and thoughts. This is most noticeable in poetry; but also good prose has its own rhythm and its own melodies, based on the harmony of words and their laws in each language.



However, language does not only sound; it also paints and molds. It shapes appearance and character of people, it paints their faces and movements, it colors their desires and actions, it shades an atmosphere at will and draws the contour of an image which, with a few dashed-off lines, may become fully alive. Use the same lines, the same colors in another language, and it will remain both colorless and meaningless, at best a clumsy illusion of something understandable although alien-sounding. In order to achieve the same effect and impression the translator has to be a congenial writer and use other shades and lines for such a purpose. Translations may come close to the original, but will remain fruit of another tree.

AND now imagine such an entire tree uprooted and transplanted. Will it continue to grow on foreign soil and bear fruit? Of those four hundred and odd foreign writers in this country, how many will stay here and succeed in mastering their new instrument and how many will take advantage of the first opportunity to return to their homeland? Since the majority of them are accredited writers, now citizens of this country and, to some extent, a cultural potentiality, it may be of interest to contemplate the complexities of this problem.

In most cases the writers' imagination is more or less dependent upon the impulses it receives from the outside. Those impulses would naturally be found wherever the writers are, their imagination would absorb them

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in any zone of any hemisphere, and yet two things would fail them. One is their approach to the subject matter, which is seen with different eyes by the English-speaking people, the other is the different manner of expression determined by the language.

That the individuality of each writer decides its own approach and manner of expression is true only so far as personal style and ideas are concerned. It is the complexity of environment and language that forms a mass-approach to all subjects as well as a conformable manner of expression. And only slightly different shades can be observed, conditioned by the social and cultural level of the people.

Let French or German men of letters write in English and you will be amazed to learn that not the flaws in their English, but their manner of thought will betray them. Simply, because the language helps to mold and to arrange the thoughts of man. Language, with a capital L, is the heartbeat of environment. As we gradually grow into it, it shapes the process of our feelings and thinking.

Well, these writers will protest and tell you that their minds could not have betrayed them since they were absolutely positive of having thought in English and not in their native tongue. They speak the truth. They thought in English, but with their French or German minds. Just to sit down and write in another idiom does not do the trick.

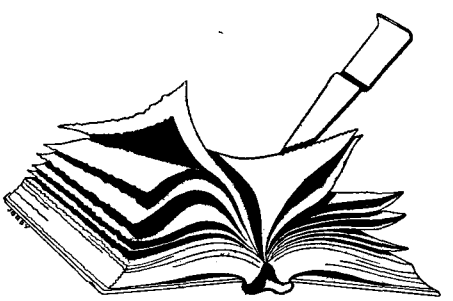
Not only writers, all men of culture consider the language with which they grow up a heritage for which they must be grateful. A free, comprehensive, and colorful usage of this heritage distinguishes them from the average person who uses words as a means of communication only. The average mind, unconcerned with purity and majesty of expression, never founders at the sight of a trite or incorrect word and, when belonging to a foreigner, it fuses, indifferent to all consequences, both languages into a third, an astounding amalgamation of English with its native tongue.

I HAVE carefully avoided using the word "mother tongue" since it seems to be an entirely wrong term leading to confusion only. Our mother's tongue is not necessarily the final tongue for us; invariably the latter is that of our environment into which we grow.

The classical example of this is the great novelist Julian Green, born in Paris where he was brought up by his American parents. Except at home, which was, so to speak "American soil," he was surrounded by French people and French sounds. He himself says that his mother's French was a "matter of endless mirth" and "to my mother's shame it was a long time before I could understand English at all. As a child I could not bring myself to believe that English was a real language. . . ." His "mother tongue" had become the tongue of his environment.

This question has always been uppermost in the minds of all immigrants. The older generation of immigrants always fall back into the habit of talking their native tongue and only an exceptionally few can deny their original language. Their children—as in the case of Julian Green—learn two languages at the same time: their "mother's tongue" and the language of their environment.

Since the children's capacity for learning is mainly based on imitation, comparison, and association they simultaneously experience the development of two different phenomena. They perceive them as pertaining to two different worlds, one restricted to the four walls at home and to the limitation of parental thought, whereas the other appears unlimited; it gradually extends to the neighbor, to the playmates, to the grocer, and later to the teacher. The language of their environment becomes with all of them the expression of the universe which they begin to apprehend and to dream of. Thus they do not decide, the language decides for them.



Another question posed by this problem is whether we can forget our native tongue. The answer can neither be yes, nor no, it must be yes *and* no. To what extent a man is able to forget it, may depend upon certain individual characteristics, such as intelligence, adaptability, and, naturally, linguistic facilities, but it seems to be far more subject to the processes in our subconscious. The background of the person, the coincidental events, causing or happening at the time of his separation from his native tongue, have paramount effect on his emotions and thoughts.

We can rightly assume that migration, en masse or individual emigration, is in the majority of cases compelled by forces antagonistic to one's own home country. It may be religious, racial, or political persecution, hunger, private conflicts, or personal failure. It seems that the sedentary tendencies in man have developed to such a degree that a modest minority of emigrants only are driven by wanderlust and adventurous instincts to leave their homes. Any conflict or compulsive force must of necessity engrave its picture on the screen of our mind. This will help to block channels of thoughts and feelings used since our early childhood, it will make certain parts of our defense mechanism work overtime and often clash with nostalgic feelings.

THE result will therefore vary with each individual problem. Hans Mayer will react differently from Monsieur Chevalier and Jacob Rosenblatt from Wenzel Vrzeska. They will all have to go through certain stages while trying to grow into the language of their new environment. They will quickly digest new patterns of speech which are without relation to their past, they will gradually associate old ideas with new idioms, yet they will only slowly suppress their innate mental images and very reluctantly change the trend of their thinking. In days of strain or misery, relapses will occur most frequently, their English will then be worse than ever, and in minutes of danger the subconscious, at such moments apparently having complete control over our surface reactions, would make them speak their native tongue exclusively.

A significant story was reported from London in 1927. A young Viennese who was in London finishing his studies and who spoke English with remarkable fluency went through a shock experience which completely destroyed his ability to express himself in any other than his native language. It happened when the evening papers reported the outbreak of a revolution in his home town, with the most exaggerated headlines. His English friends, unable to understand his words, took him to the Austrian Embassy where the papers' exclamations were reduced to statements of sober facts. Soon afterwards he recovered, but was unaware that he could not express himself in English while under the effect of the paralyzing news.

A great historian, who since his arrival in this country has lectured at one of our foremost universities, is still faced by certain difficulties when talking to his grocer or delicatessen man. As a result, he often finds himself unconsciously preparing his questions and sentences more carefully before entering a shop than for any of his lectures.

Another criterion of our ability to overcome our native tongue is the language in which we operate with figures. It is most amusing to observe that foreign-born people who hardly ever speak anything else but the tongue of their adopted country, speaking it flawlessly, use the language of their

(*Continued on page* 30)

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More by Mencken on Our Language

THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE. An Inquiry into the Development of English in the United States. Supplement I. By H. L. Mencken. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1945. 739 *pp., xv., xxxv.* $5.

Reviewed by ROBERT E. SPILLER

EVERY now and again a book takes the bit in its own teeth and runs away with its author, putting him completely at its mercy. "The American Language" has done this to Mr. H. L. Mencken, one-time editor of *The American Mercury*. It was a substantial work of nearly four-hundred pages when it first appeared in 1919. Rewritten for the fourth edition in 1936, it had almost doubled in size. And now, with the first of two supplements issued, it promises to triple that volume. The first supplement is equal in bulk to the fourth edition, and a second supplement is soon to be forthcoming.

In his Preface, Mr. Mencken tells the story of how he came to devote so much energy to what was once a hobby. Forty and more years ago, when he was a police reporter in Baltimore, his budding curiosity about American speechways was stimulated by chance discovery, in the Enoch Pratt Free Library, of a file of that pioneering journal *Dialect Notes*. At once he became a "steady customer" and was directed to such early works on the subject as Farmer and Bartlett. When in 1910 he began writing a daily article for the *Baltimore Evening Sun*, he interspersed discussions of American vocabulary and grammar with his comment on public affairs. The reader-response was immediate, and letters began to fly to and fro. When with the First World War the partial suspension of free speech led him to turn to a field in which he could still say what he thought as he thought it, he produced his first edition of "The American Language." It was not a work of systematic scholarship, but it was the best and certainly the liveliest thing on the subject to date. The circle of kindred spirits and violent objectors that he had conjured into being was widening rapidly. His intense enthusiasm, his belligerency, his ability to strike directly to the core of moot questions, even his errors, made him a central depository for the remarks and suggestions of the millions who had anything to say about their own speech. He had struck a rich vein and, with the aid of a good secretary, he worked it. His chief task from that day to this has been to keep himself from being drowned in his material. One pictures him now, sitting among his books and notes in his Baltimore study, confronting the pile of letters and clippings provoked by this most recent attempt to clear up the correspondence of the past nine years.

Those years have produced more sound and organized scholarship in the field of American speech than all previous time. The central work, of course, which Mr. Mencken depends upon heavily, disagrees with at will, and courteously honors for its accomplishments in the face of great difficulties, is "The Dictionary of American English," which was barely started in 1936 and is now completed. But there are also "The Linguistic Atlas of the United States and Canada," as well as innumerable treatises, dictionaries, and bibliographies of American slang, dialect, grammar, and other aspects of speech study. Even Mr. Mencken admits that not all scholars are "schoolma'ams," and they have kept him busy. Something had to be done to draw all this new material into his original scheme. There was now too much of it for a revision of the old volume; besides there was little in the old volume that he wanted to change. His position on main issues, his organization of material, and his carefully selected illustrations had stood their ground. The correction of a few remaining errors, and the more detailed discussion and illustration of points already clearly made, were all that seemed called for.

The first supplement parallels the chapter arrangement of AL_4, as he calls his masterwork. An ingenious trick of bracketed quotations from this work introduces the new material or the reconsideration of the old, and "hooks to" the appropriate passages of the original work. Mr. Mencken's hope that the supplement may be read apart from its parent is not, however, fulfilled. AL_4 may be read consecutively; but without having it either in mind or in hand, the reader of S_1 will discover only a series of entertaining, provoking, and instructive short essays on more or less kindred topics. The new book may profitably be dipped into rather than read consecutively.

When I said above that nothing of importance needed to be revised—that Mr. Mencken's data and opinions still stood—I did not mean to imply that the new work is not controversial. The old issues are still here, in even intensified form. He reaffirms his main contentions that language is fluent and that its forms and usages are determined by the folk rather than by the scholars; that American is a language quite distinct in important respects from English and in no ways inferior to it; that even today we have hardly begun to explore the riches or our folkways; and that at least his kind of popular reader likes footnotes. If anything, he has become more dogmatic, more contentious, more ready for a good stiff fight now that he has reached the mellow status of an accepted authority than when he was a gadfly amateur. If his challenges do not arouse as much controversy here and abroad as they once did, the reason is either that it is now politic to maintain harmonious Anglo-American relations or that scholars have caught up with him. He is still fanning the air with the same two fists.

In fact, he has taken one step further into the ring. The racy thought in the main dignified and economical style of the earlier work now gives way to colloquialism and verbosity in frequent slangy passages. There is much more of this sort of thing [italics added]: "The learned judge *took the line* of denouncing my AL_4, and appeared to be convinced that my specimens of the American vulgar speech . . . had been offered as examples of *tony American usage*, and even as goals for *all aspiring Americanos* to aim at." Or, "Clemens had a long, long wait *below the salt* (a Mencken favorite) before it ever occurred to any of the accepted authorities of his generation that he was not a *zany*." Or, "*The New York Times led off* with *an editorial sneer* in which it was assumed idiotically that the *customs shoemakers* had begun to call themselves *booticians*, and that the cobblers were trying *to leap aboard their bandwagon*." Personally I enjoy this new development in style; it is an evidence that the old war-horse is ready for the next encounter. May he live long to clip more thickets down into fresh pastures for the less vigorous cattle!

Robert E. Spiller is Professor of English at Swarthmore College and author of "Fenimore Cooper, Critic of His Times" and other books.

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Beveridge on World Peace

THE PRICE OF PEACE. By Sir William Beveridge. New York: W. W. Norton Company. 1945. 154 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by DEXTER PERKINS

AT the end of a great war it is normal and natural that men's thoughts should turn to the establishment of peace on more secure foundations than in the past. In the immense amount that has been written and spoken on the subject during the last two years, three approaches to the problem may be easily distinguished. The first approach is the institutional, and centers its attention on the setting up of international machinery. The second approach is the politico-diplomatic, and concentrates on the necessity of maintaining the unity of the grand alliance that has won the war, and on the policing of the vanquished. The third is the economic, and is based upon the hypothesis that peace can be preserved in the future only if there is a rising standard of living in the great nations of the world. Each one of these approaches contains much that is sound, and each one, if taken by itself, is less than adequate for the solution of the most momentous—and the most complicated problem—that confronts mankind today.

Sir William Beveridge, while not unaware of the politico-diplomatic aspects of the matter, and while eagerly seeking a way to economic stability, as his recent book on "Full Employment in a Free Society" demonstrates, emphasizes in "The Price of Peace" the institutional side of the problem. Peace, he declares, must rest upon justice and law. Accordingly, what is needed is a series of absolutely impartial tribunals which will have power to decide international controversies, and whose decisions will, in the last analysis, be backed up by the collective force of the international society. The creation of such tribunals, according to Sir William, is the crux of the problem; it is the price of peace, in the literal sense of the term.

It is impossible not to sympathize in large measure with the spirit of this approach to the matter. What is described as impractical today may be highly practical tomorrow; and it is no real criticism of the Beveridge thesis to say that it does not completely correspond to present international realities. The advocates of peace based upon law and enforced through the decision of arbitral tribunals perform a useful service, and may, with the passing of time, see their viewpoint more and more widely accepted. At the conference of San Francisco, one of the striking things to be observed was the strong feeling among the Latin-American states in favor of the judicial settlement of international disputes. There is much sentiment in England and America that tends in the same direction. The widening of the area in which matters can be settled by judicial decision is a proper objective for which to strive in the post-war era.

None the less, we should not depend upon it too fully, or accept Sir William Beveridge's proposal as an adequate solution of the problem of peace. The existing body of international law by no means provides a basis for the solution of all international disputes. Disputes between nations, like disputes between labor and capital, must often be settled by give-and-take methods of adjustment, rather than by fixed formulas. Traditionally, indeed, they have been so settled. It will take much time before powerful states will be willing to send any matter in which they may be interested before an international court whose judgment is binding. It is much to be doubted whether—if this issue were frankly stated—the American people would be ready to assume such an obligation.

There is always danger, too, in assuming that "justice" is the final objective in international affairs. No doubt the successful settlement of any international issue must, in the long run, commend itself to the moral sense of both disputants. But "justice" like "truth" is something not altogether easy to define, or to establish. It often happens, in practical life, that the way to settle a controversy is not to rely on abstract principles, but to find a workable compromise. Principle, indeed (and the word "principle" is closely allied to "right" and "justice"), is often an irritant, and a means of prolonging, rather than settling, a difficult problem. When men assume that they are in the possession of the total moral truth, they become difficult to deal with. When, on the other hand, they seek to understand the "right" and "justice" of some other position than their own, they open the door to settlement. In international affairs, it is of the first importance to comprehend the viewpoint of those with whom we are dealing. The trouble with the appeal to "justice" often is that it rests upon assumptions, which do not take into consideration every aspect of the problem, and which do not have total validity. *"Adjustment,"* rather than the effort to find an applicable rule of law, is often the proper way to deal with any international controversies.

—*Press Association, Inc.*

The formula for peace "is not so simple as Sir William Beveridge seems to suggest."

It is only fair to say that Sir William Beveridge in some measure perceives this. He speaks of cases in which the tribunal will make only recommendations, not decisions. But he does not dwell upon this point, or sufficiently emphasize its very considerable implications.

Let us look, for a moment, at the other two approaches to the problem of peace. The politico-diplomatic approach is a simple one. First of all, it emphasizes the necessity of preventing the resurgence of the power of the vanquished. This necessity has become more, rather than less, obvious with the passage of time. The coming of the atomic bomb, and the destruction visited on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, makes it clear that science, in the hands of evil men, will be, perhaps now is, in a position to wreak infinite destruction, and establish the wicked in control of the earth. The recent records of the German and Japanese people demonstrate that they have been ready to make themselves the pliable and docile instruments of such men. That there must be established over them a powerful international control—and that for a very considerable period—seems one of the propositions most clearly established by the war.

But this proposition immediately leads to another. The policing of Germany and Japan implies the unity of the Grand Alliance. It implies understanding with Russia and with Great Britain. The experience of the years 1919 to 1939 teaches us that. When the victors of Germany fell apart, German power was reconstituted. It could be reconstituted again.

This understanding will be difficult. There are already some business men who are shortsighted enough to think

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that we ought not to deal confidently and closely with a Britain which has adopted the watered-down socialist program of the British Labor Party. There are people no less shortsighted who think that we ought not to deal with a Russia whose social ideals and whose political methods are very different from our own. It will be easy to pick all sorts of quarrels. And it will be disastrous. The war is likely to lead to a tremendous outburst of self-confidence and self-righteousness in America. Let us beware how we judge others by our own standards. Let us leave some room for that give-and-take which is essential to the cooperation of nations with different problems, different traditions, and different interests.

Let us go a bit further, and be honest enough to say to ourselves that we will have to put up with things we do not like, and accept decisions we do not approve. The facts of geography suggest that in Eastern Europe Russia will continue to play a dominant role. We will not in all respects like what she does there. But no doubt *she* will not precisely understand what we are about in Latin America, or in the isles of the Pacific. It will take tolerance on both sides if there is to be understanding.

This does not mean that we have to pretend to agree, when we do not. Too wide a divergence in conduct between the great Allies will be dangerous to the unity of the alliance, and we have the right to suggest, in a friendly manner, and without adopting the tone of those who possess all truth, that a given course may prove dangerous to that unity. But we must not lose our self-possession in doing so, and we must keep firmly in mind the transcendent importance of mutual understanding and coöperation in the central problem of preserving peace.

It is from this point of view that it is not only possible, but in my judgment, highly desirable, to defend the veto of the great powers in the Security Council of the new World Organization. Theoretically, it is absurd for one of the great nations to prevent a decision on an international dispute, or to prevent action against an aggressor, by its one vote alone. But practically, the veto underlines the necessity of understanding between the most powerful states as a necessary preliminary to effective action. That necessity exists. It is wise to recognize it. Peace can rest only on this foundation, and international action against an aggressor is impossible on any other basis.

But besides the politico-diplomatic approach, there is the economic approach to peace. The tranquility of the nineteenth century was in large part due to the fact that during the hundred years from Waterloo to the First World War there was an expanding standard of living. There was what may be called a horizontal expansion through the opening up of vast new areas, most of the Continental United States, most of Africa, and much of the Orient. There was what may be called a vertical expansion through the technological advances of the period, and through the cheapening of many necessities and luxuries. It may readily be contended that if this process can be carried over into our post-war era, it will offer one of the surest guarantees of tranquility. If the great Russian people, for example, are encouraged and assisted to improve their conditions of life, they will be more disposed to world cooperation than if they are painfully and slowly struggling ahead. If the British people, after terrible sacrifices, and the loss of many of their international investments, are given an opportunity to re-constitute their economic life, they will be readier partners in the work of peace. If the American economic machine can be kept going at full speed, we will be less likely to get into another one of those moods of isolationism, which was accentuated by the Great Depression.

Now the task ahead in this regard is not an easy one. It demands recognition of the fact that we cannot live to ourselves alone. It demands, not light-hearted munificence, certainly, but wise and generous economic assistance on our part to other states. And it demands also that we recognize the heart of our domestic economic problem. We have demonstrated an ability to produce on a scale that is the wonder of the world. But what about distributing what we produce? Do we know how to do that? And if we do not, are we ready to learn? Are we ready to accept the fundamental fact that unless consumer purchasing power is sustained on a scale hitherto unprecedented, and perhaps by expedients equally unprecedented, that we face the danger of economic recession? I hope so, but I am not sure.

And so we come back for a moment to Sir William Beveridge. The difficulty with "The Price of Peace," it seems to me, is that it tends towards the simplification of a very complex problem. We cannot get peace by rule of thumb. We can get it only if we are willing to use all our best powers of mind, all the resources of understanding we possess, all the tolerance and sympathy with others that we can muster up.

Perhaps, I hear some one say, the atomic bomb will help us. Let us use this new invention to dominate the world. Mr. Churchill even hinted at this in his recent speech in the Commons. I do not believe in this reasoning. A weapon so terrible can be employed only in the white heat of passion. Moreover, if we act as if we were the lords of creation, we may be sure that a counter-wave of research will be instituted against us, and that some day reckless men will put their new discoveries to the test. We must work to broaden the area of international understanding, not to narrow it by pretensions of power. But the formula is not so simple as Sir William Beveridge seems to suggest. And it will take resolute and sustained purpose to translate the dream of peace into reality.

—*Crawford in the* Newark Evening News

First Order of Business

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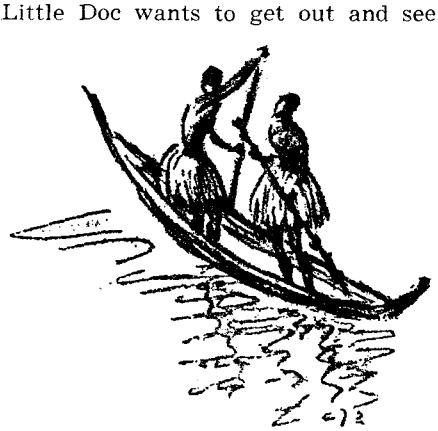
Steamboat on the Congo

ROOSTER CROWS FOR DAY. By Ben Lucien Burman. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1945. 308 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM S. LYNCH

ON those literary maps of America that decorate the walls of cozy summer bookshops, Ben Lucien Burman has staked his claim to the Mississippi River country. No self-respecting reader would mention his name without recalling Mark Twain and without referring to the fact that he has brought up to date the life and times of the fluvial folk of that region. "Steamboat Round the Bend," "Blow for a Landing," titles of earlier novels, are as familiar to bookish people—and to movie-goers too—as "Old Man River" and the songs from "Showboat." Mr. Burman, then, is one of our best-known regional writers, one steeped in the lore of steamboats and levees, canebrakes, and sandbars, and one madly in love with rivers as such. A happy accident in unhappy times took him to Africa where he discovered for himself another great river—the Congo. The half-page foreword to this, his new book, gives the clue to where he got his idea. There he tells of traveling up the Ubangi to the Tchad and suddenly coming upon a white-painted steamboat with churning paddle wheel. The boat had come from his own Mississippi. It goes without saying that he had to write a story that would transport a Mississippi River man to Africa. That someone was transported is indicated in the announcement of his winning the Thomas Jefferson Southern Award for 1944-1945.

Little Doc, the smartest young fellow in Cotton Valley and pilot of a battered little fishing boat, belongs to that tribe of naively philosophical young men in American fiction who are constantly searching for the answer to some profound question that has baffled thinkers from Socrates on. Little Doc wants to get out and see the world and learn things. Needless to remark, he has a devoted follower, stolid and loyal. In this case it is the giant Poppy, who leaves the engine room of their little vessel to follow his master to another continent. The great quest is epitomized in the dispute of two old gaffers over which is wrong, the world or the people in it. Little Doc finds that "there ain't nothing the matter with neither . . . the world's might fine. And the people in it's wonderful."



—*Illustrations from the book*

In the course of arriving at that conclusion the two young men from the Mississippi travel some thousands of miles and experience some strenuous adventures on two continents. They sail through ocean and jungle, they cross the trackless Sahara. They are cheated by the unscrupulous Scheer, agent of the company for which they had agreed to run a boat up the Congo, they are befriended by a Canadian plantation owner. They meet jungle native and desert Arab, shrewd trader and weird medicine man—even the French Foreign Legion. Readers who have followed jungle trails with other writers or trekked the desert wastes behind the camels of earlier literary explorers will not find these scenes or characters too exotic. To those brought up on a strict African diet of Sir Rider Haggard, the incidental lore of the elephants' graveyard with its legendary store of ivory and the familiar theme of rumored diamond mines in the mountains will come as no surprise. But a Mississippi River boy in the Congo Basin is novel and this American's adventures in darkest Africa have a freshness and an appeal that prevent the account of them from becoming stereotyped.

Reading of Little Doc, though, one has the uneasy feeling that he is being used as allegory, a feeling made painful by the jacket's statement that "in Little Doc, with his hopes and aspirations lies the soul of the South, of all America." Little Doc no more represents all America than does Orphan Annie. That is not to deny that he is American. But he is no Huckleberry Finn, if that is what they mean. He is a simple, attractive young fellow who would be much more credible as an individual if he had paid more attention to Princie Jo in the first place and if, after seeing all the places he saw and meeting all the people he met, he got over being so impressed by membership in the Cotton Valley Boosters Club.

Mr. Burman has taken a fresh idea and developed it into a pleasant story. But whether the setting is Congo or Nile, it is still the old Mississippi that keeps rolling along. The crocodile in the water looks like a catfish and the camel on the shore reminds one of a mule. Perhaps this resemblance is geographically sound. Certainly there is a decided affinity between the Mississippi region and the African. Actually the author's extension of the reaches of the territory he has made his own gives the reader a warm sense of the familiar and makes more acceptable the rather overly homespun qualities of his hero. It makes even more startling the idyllic love of the young pilot for the rather fey Liillu whose death left Little Doc inconsolable.

"Rooster Crows for Day" should please the tens of thousands who like the dripping paddle wheel and the hooting whistle of a Mississippi steamboat wherever it is. The African photomontage will not bother them and it will please those who want a more exotic setting. It is a safe bet, then, for all those people who are always looking for a good book with which to curl up. Those readers who approach their books uncurled will like it too, but they may put it down unconvinced that it is Burman's best and unwilling to accept Little Doc as anything more than a minor figure in the American pantheon of regional literary characters. They will like him and even admire him, but they will not believe in him—unless they see him in the movies.

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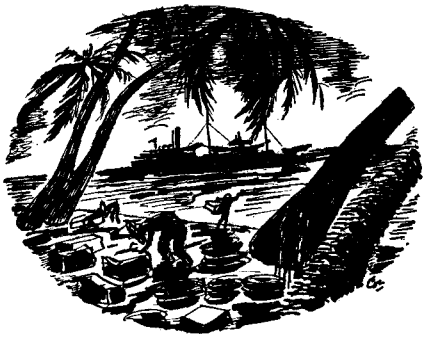
20th Century South Sea Islanders

NATIVE PEOPLES OF THE PACIFIC WORLD. By Felix M. Keesing. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1945. 144 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by MARGARET MEAD



THIS little book, by an anthropologist born and bred in the Pacific, and who knows his islands well, accomplishes singularly well what it sets out to do, to tell the average person who may go to the Pacific islands what he or she really needs to know about the people and the way they live. So often, books about remote peoples err either on the side of too much ethnological detail which the reader is unequipped to enjoy, or present a flat picture of the present-day native, barefoot but dressed in cloth, more squalid than picturesque, in a hut roofed with flattened kerosene cans.

Dr. Keesing places his twentieth-century South Sea islanders against the backdrop of history but he does not overembroider the canvas. He recognizes the great diversity in custom and language which is such a characteristic part of the island picture but he does not bewilder the reader with too much detail. He discusses food as something that is eaten, and something moreover which the visitor may have to eat—especially in war time, and warns of how slight a surplus even well-fed islanders are likely to have. Native boats are not only described because of their peculiarity of outrigger and sail form but as vessels in which you may have to navigate, precariously and urgently, from one island to another. Languages are not mere grammatical exercises, but, says Dr. Keesing, they can be learned by a stranger. "To make a start, he might point to a button on his coat, say to a native 'button' and then point to some object on the native's person with an enquiring 'Huh'"? Thus simply Dr. Keesing domesticates the exacting but no longer impossible task of "getting acquainted," the title of one of his chapters, with the island peoples.

This is a book which has been written to be used. It has grown, out of these war years in which the author has had the task of teaching large numbers of young men just what it would be like on a South Sea island—young men who wanted to know because their lives and the safety of their outfits might depend upon their recognition of local custom, their tact in negotiating for a canoe or a guide through the bush. Because it was written in terms of vivid immediate need, it will be useful not only to those who have gone and may go to the Pacific in future, but to all those who have stayed at home but who wish to follow, intelligently, the paths which many American service men have followed during the last three years.

The book is interesting also because it gives a kind of preview of the sorts of things which Americans will want to know in the future about all the exotic cultures of the Orient which are just coming within our ken. Using these smaller, simpler island cultures as a sort of exercise in international understanding, we may ask: What questions has Dr. Keesing tried to answer? And why? If one follows the thread of his discussion, the answer emerges. He seems to be answering these questions: "What kind of people are these? How can you get to know them? What should we think about their customs?" (Behind this question is the implied one; Are they somehow inferior to us because their material ways of life have remained so simple?) "Are they ready for progress? How democratic are they? (Behind these questions lurks the implied eager question: "When can we hope that they will be just like us.")

To these questions, the author brings the special democratic detachment of the anthropologist who values all human cultures as the consistent attempt of a group of human beings to build a way of life for themselves within which to rear their children. A thatched hut and an apartment house, a meal of sago and a dinner at the Ritz seem natural side by side, after his discussion. The innovations from European culture take their place beside earlier importations from Asia. Each island people emerge as of full human stature, but differently placed, on the scale of political development, just as their large islands and their small, their densely populated countries and their tiny single tribes, are differentially able to fend for themselves in the world. Above all, the book emphasizes the importance of treating each people with friendliness and respect, romanticizing neither their past nor our present, but looking towards a future in which both will blend together.

In Africa Before the War

AFRICAN JOURNEY. By Eslanda Goode Robeson. New York: The John Day Company. 1945. 154 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by JOHN LATOUCHE

ESLANDA ROBESON'S journal appears at exactly the right moment. It records a journey made through South Africa in 1936, before the advent of World War II accentuated the problems of the so-called Dark Continent. In this warmly personal account she has foreshadowed the mounting crises in formerly remote regions now vital in the post-war world pattern.

The informal nature of Mrs. Robeson's style helps lighten what might otherwise be a rather grim business, since the Negro's status in Africa—socially, industrially, and economically—is insecure and unfair even in the most hopeful locales. The majority of the books dealing with this subject are either technical reports or are so impregnated with religious or political slants that they fail to awaken sympathy and interest in the average reader. Mrs. Robeson escapes both categories and achieves a result that is provocative and enlightening.

Her desire to travel in Africa arose during anthropology classes in London, when she "became fed up with white students and teachers 'interpreting' the Negro mind and character. . . ." When she protested that as a Negro she knew how her race thought and felt, they replied that she could not possibly understand the primitive mind without study, since Western education and culture had changed her too greatly. She went to Africa to find out for herself.

Sometimes the points that she makes are extreme, and occasionally her statements are traditional rather than exact (for example, certain statistics concerning Belgian Congo history), but barring these few lapses, her diagnoses are accurate and penetrating. She alternates serious discussions of racial and economic complications with chatty anecdotes about village life, African royalty, and colonial foibles. An entry concerning a conference with educational groups is followed by a recipe for making native wine and beer from bananas. Such varied items as dairy farming, primitive plumbing facilities, housing, and legal codes are set forth with a practical vivacity that at once charms and informs.

Yet it is not by any means a light

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book; its simplicity is deceptive. Although the notations end in August 1936, Mrs. Robeson adds a last entry written at the present time:

> Until this war, the only people who were even vaguely aware of Africans as human beings were missionaries. Tourists, business men, government officials and politicians —with a few exceptions—considered the Africans (if they considered them at all) as savages, labor fodder, and pawns.

To Mrs. Robeson, the typical Colonial seemed "weak, lonely, pathetic, and frightened. He has built himself into a very small, very limited world of his own, behind a towering, formidable wall of ignorance, prejudice, and superiority. . . . Has he not arbitrarily walled himself off from more than two-thirds of his fellow-men, the non-white peoples of the world?"

Perhaps the war has changed this attitude: in Africa I met many members of both races who were dedicated to the creation of a truly, rather than a hypothetically, liberated society. To quote Mrs. Robeson again, "The people of the world, in fighting for their own freedom, have come at long last to sense that no man can be free until all men are free."

Main Acts and Side-lines

ANIMAL FAIR. By Evelyn West. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1945. 277 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

THE birds and beasts of this animal fair include all the people who in any way have a part in the first nineteen years of Sandra Echols's life: her Massachusetts forebears, her parents, sister, and brothers, her friends and teachers on the Eastern Shore of Maryland and later in Baltimore, the roomers in her mother's boarding-house, her own associates in college, in her various lodgings, and in a newspaper office. Many of these people are sketched with firm strokes, and the relations between Sandra and her unloving parents have all the grim outlines of reality. What happens to their children after a couple has created "a family they neither wanted nor could possibly raise, spiritually or financially," is abundantly documented.

Sandra's paternal ancestors had been of good New England stock, mostly professional people with scientific or literary interests, and her father, a disciple of Thoreau, left M.I.T. only because he fell in love while very young and made an unsuitable marriage. He never grew up after that marriage, but wandered from place to place in search of a livelihood with his ideals high, his accomplishment meagre, and with a streak of cruelty in his nature that made his children hate and fear him despite their admiration for his principles. After his early death, Sandra's mother installed her unmanageable youngsters in a delapidated house in Baltimore and advertised for boarders. Among others, a necktie salesman and the cashier of a movie house (later discovered to be a prostitute) thus became the associates of her children. The venture was an economic failure, however, and presently Mrs. Echols moved to an even drabber house and neighborhood.

Meanwhile, although Sandra's education in the ways of the human animal progressed, her formal schooling suffered from the endless poverty of the household and from the necessity of taking odd jobs to help relieve it. Her ambitions as well as her little generosities were never appreciated by her mother and her attempts to save up for a college education were considered as "taking the bread out of the children's mouths." When despite all her difficulties a scholarship enabled her to go to college, lack of money for food, clothes, books, and even car fare persuaded her after a short time that "goose-stepping to the heights of knowledge" was not worth the price of starvation. She turned to journalism, and as we leave her the possibility exists that she may eventually find happiness in work or love or both.

Some of the birds and beasts in Sandra's zoo have an appealing quality. There is, for example, the old artist who possesses a "clean and mighty arrogance that was candor carried to its valid maturity." There are the newspapermen whose goodness has no outlet since it is "forced to know the worst of humanity without the authority to administer absolution." And when Sandra calls herself "a Northerner at home in the South" she justifies her claim by her understanding of the innate breeding and aristocracy of spirit that sustain the genteel poor who live below the Mason and Dixon line.

But if quantities of the vignettes that decorate these pages are lifelike, there are unfortunately so many of them that they blur the few full-length portraits. In other words, the dreary, insignificant birds and beasts who clutter up this animal fair tend by their carpings on the side-lines to distract attention from the main acts. Had this novel been compressed to emphasize only its best elements and had the essentials of its backgrounds been as vividly seen as its main characters (an inaccurate Baltimore, for instance, never comes alive), the story would have gained in both emotional and visual appeal. Its achievement nevertheless is considerable, and the second novel on which the author is said to be at work may well fulfill the promise of the first.

A Soldier Died

CORPORAL JAMES NEWMAN, 1919-1945

By Thomas Sugrue

POETS, put down this sentence; make this note:
A soldier died for whom no word was found.
He died at home, in bed, and not a throat
Could turn the tightness in itself to sound.
Silent were all the adjectives and nouns
That wrap our heroes in immortal song;
Which dress our sentiments in lacy gowns
And make the murmurs of our courage strong.
He died of waiting, and no word was found
To draw the image of his sacrifice—
The loneliness in which his youth was drowned,
The hunger, and the little cups of rice.
No bright iambics will emboss his name.
It marks our sinning; it will sink from sight.
He died not for our glory but our shame,
Biting his blanket in the burning night.
Father, this is our son whom now we give
For light upon our soul where it is dim;
For crucifixion, that we who still live
May build the faith we did not keep in him.
Poets, put down this sentence; make this note:
A soldier died for whom no word was found.
He died at home, in bed, and not a throat
Could turn the tightness in itself to sound.

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An Undercover Guide to the War

SPIES AND TRAITORS OF WORLD WAR II. By Kurt Singer. New York: Prentice-Hall, Inc. 1945. 285 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by JOHN ROY CARLSON

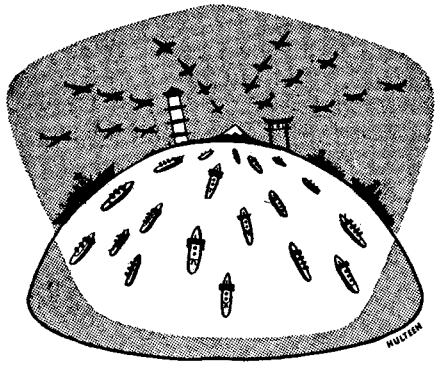
I'M usually a slow reader, even of adventure stories, but I finished Kurt Singer's irresistible new book in three sittings at the beach. They were the three most exciting afternoons I've spent since my years with my ex-Christian Front and Bund "pals." For sustained excitement (unbroken for nearly 300 pages) "Spies and Traitors of World War II" would be difficult to beat. And Mr. Singer proves to us that truth (we are told that 95% of the contents are factual) can indeed be more thrilling than fiction.

For those who seek only the thrills and chills, the collection of round-the-world spy lore gives one his money's worth. To me this book was more than just a thriller. When I read the story of Greta Kainen, the "beautiful pacifist," I recalled our own Laura Ingalls, and the operations of wily Nazi agents in America who selected respectable native-born Americans to do Hitler's dirty work for them. Greta (whom Singer helped expose) joined the Swedish Peace Society and travelled all over Sweden pleading the blessings of peace. Laura joined the America First Committee and travelled all over the country pleading the blessings of appeasement and defeatism. Greta slipped into Finland when she was discovered. Laura was slipped into prison upon her conviction as an "America First patriot" who had received $300 monthly from Nazi agent Ulric von Gienanth.

When Irish police got a tip that German parachute-flown agents had visited the home of one of Ireland's most prominent families, they almost discounted the tip. But when they searched the home of Iseult Gonne, wife of the well-known Irish novelist Francis Stuart (whose "Julie" and "In Search of Love" were well received when published here), they found beneath Iseult's lavish frocks a neatly folded tell-tale German parachute. A tool chest disclosed a transmitter, and from a welter of books they selected a black notebook. Iseult confessed. It was the codebook used to report Allied ship movements and troop concentrations. Her husband violently protested his own and his wife's innocence. A few weeks later, however, Francis Stuart obtained sanctuary in Berlin and became a lesser Lord Haw Haw.

I can attest from personal observation that some of the "nicest" people in America served enemy interests: sometimes unwittingly, but more often out of spite against the Administration, in blind hate, or sheer inability to see beyond their immediate interests.

Kurt Singer has brought together an amazing collection of Nazi espionage from Greenland to Iran to Argentina. His evil genius is Admiral Walter Wilhelm Canaris, chief of the German spy network. Canaris raised havoc with Allied plans in the Near East and Panama waters. His agents were everywhere. I met some of them in America and my impression is that most of them were punks. Despite the genius accredited to him by Singer, Canaris's attempts backfired in the United States,



for a spy-master is only as good as the counter-intelligence's measures against him. Our own J. Edgar Hoover and our chiefs of Army and Navy Intelligence seem to have bested the vengeful Canaris.

A gang of thirty-three Canaris agents were caught and convicted before Pearl Harbor, among whom were some of my best Nazi "friends." Others were rounded up from time to time. Canaris's men tried to get our atomic bomb secrets, but according to an FBI release recently, "these men became 'double agents' collaborating with the FBI, while maintaining contact with Berlin." While his men failed to send back the plans, Canaris landed eight German saboteurs by submarine on our east coast, with instructions to blow up the Oak Ridge laboratories. Their plot was foiled while the sand was still wet on their shoes.

Canaris, however, succeeded in planting a seemingly innocent watchmaker close to Britain's famed Scapa Flow base who, watching his chance, warned agents in Holland that the submarine nets and traps were temporarily lifted. The blowing up of the *Royal Oak* followed.

German agents succeeded monstrously well in serving Jap interests. Singer's chapter on how the entire Kuehn family turned spy, reporting to outlying Jap submarines up to the eve of Pearl Harbor is one of the most fascinating in the book. It was strictly a cash proposition with Kuehn. For $40,000 he agreed to report to the Japanese vice consul with up-to-the-minute news on the exact size and position of the American fleet in the Pacific. He received $14,000 down and the balance on delivery of the first Jap bombs on Pearl Harbor. The Japs planned to pick up Kuehn and his family by submarine, and the plans would have worked had not our counter-intelligence belatedly observed Kuehn's signals from a dormer window. He was sentenced to death, but sentence was commuted to life when he promised to tell all. His family, including the beautiful Ruth who ran a beauty parlor, was interned for the duration, which indeed seems a mild sentence for an arch-Judas family.

Canaris received one of the most severe setbacks in the person of youthful Jean Peroux, alias Maurice Mercier, a member of the French resistance. Maurice proved of invaluable help to the Allies by exposing many German secrets in Northern Africa.

I am amazed at the variety which Kurt Singer has been able to compress into 26 chapters. Some of his cases are undoubtedly overstated, but as a whole it reads like an authentic "Who's Who" of the criminal underworld the world over. His writing never lets one down; it breezes through racily, without letup, clear to the end.

The case of Tyler Kent interested me deeply. It is one of the few chapters which provide the average newspaper reader with material which is somewhat familiar. Kent, former confidential decoding expert in our London Embassy, developed a violent hatred for Jewry, and became convinced of the Nazi lies that Jews were drawing America into war. He listened to Blackshirt Oswald Mosley. He met with Capt. H. M. Ramsay, a member of Parliament, and a violent anti-Semite. He travelled with members of the Anglo-German Fellowship, an organization which contained such prominent German sympathizers as Sir Harry Domville, former director of British Naval Intelligence Service, who was later interned. Impressionable, youthful, politically-naive Tyler Kent apparently considered it "patriotic" and morally just to turn over the contents of some 1500 highly confidential telegrams exchanged between Churchill and Roosevelt to Nazi agent Anna Wolkoff. With our innermost state secrets bared to Berlin, all diplomatic communication ceased until a new "unbreakable" code could be devised. The blackout lasted a month.

Kent's case is typical of many "well-meaning" Americans I met who heiled Hitler and learned to hate Democracy because Democracy along with all

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bankers, radio, newspapers, movies, labor, to say nothing of England, Russia, the Administration, and the FBI were all painted by the Nazis as "Jewish controlled."

America had its counterpart to the Anglo-German Fellowship. It was known as the American Fellowship Forum. Lawrence Dennis (under indictment for sedition) spoke for it. Former Congressman Ham Fish wrote for its organ; D. S. Dismukes, Rear Admiral, USN retired; and G. Bailey, Lt. Comdr., USN, published letters in its organ, *Today's Challenge,* which was openly edited by its backers, Nazi agents George Sylvester Viereck and Friedrich E. Auhagen. What fools some of us mortals be!

Kurt Singer's chapters deal mainly with the Nazi network the world over, but the propaganda tactics parallel those used in America. The uniformity is appalling to all except those who today are still being victimized by a modified "Made in America" form of Nazi propaganda. Germany is defeated and Hitler, in all likelihood is dead, but Hitlerism in the form of racism, hate, dissension, and minority-baiting is resurgent in the Americas—from the Argentine to Canada.

"Espionage does not operate intermittently," writes Mr. Singer. "It is a long drawn-out business and it is always planned during peacetime—many, many years in advance." In his final chapters he bares plans of the inner core of the German military to continue activity. Admiral Canaris's secret instructions for the new Nazi underground are bared. "It does not matter whether Admiral Canaris himself survives; what matters is that he has assured the survival of his work. Thousands of his subordinates already have their orders . . . the organization is strong enough to create its own leaders."

We know that Canaris's agents in America are treading water. I am informed that the paymasters have plenty of money but little is being given out now for actual espionage. Rather, enemy agents are now directing their energies to the continuation of Nazi psychological warfare: to whispering campaigns, to defeatism, to disrupting inter-Allied unity, to encouraging black market operations. They are striving to embroil us in the type of pre-Hitler chaos which led to the rise of the Brownshirts.

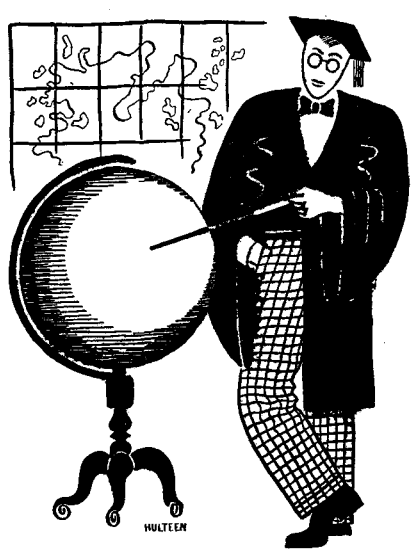
Kurt Singer's book is a warning to America that the enemy intends to be active and to strike when the opportunity is ripe. More than a warning, Singer exposes many of their methods (which may be again used) in eminently readable and thrilling prose.

John Roy Carlson is the author of "Under Cover."

An Atomic Parable

IRWIN EDMAN

AFTER working for two years, a group of philosophers, theologians, economists, and experts on international relations had, it was rumored, developed an idea which if released, would be so shocking and revolutionary that it would destroy in a blinding flash all the established notions current in the world, all the conventional clichés of goodness, justice, and truth, not to add those of property and individual obligation. The rumor had been current quite a long time, but the secret was well kept. Certainly it occurred to nobody *what* the idea was. Every once in a while a well-known professor of philosophy would disappear from the university and would be sent Heaven knows where. One prominent clergy-



man wrote his wife regularly from a spot she finally figured out to be Sun Valley, Idaho, which she had hitherto identified with skiing. It turned out that she had guessed correctly, and it came out later that that an unprecedented number of books had been transported to the mountain resort, and that at one time or another practically every noted or alleged thinker in the country had been brought there, and nothing came out.

The idea was finally released to the world. It was a notion so powerful, so detonating and destructive to the whole structure of established prejudices, that it sent a shiver through the conservative and perhaps not less so through the orthodox radicals. Once the thought became really current, who knew what might come of it? If the idea were once allowed to spread, whole armies might be decimated or at least abolished by it. And it was already well-known that a technique of instanteous conversion had been worked out along with the idea itself.

The idea was simple enough. It was that we are all members of one another, that we are all mutually dependent, and that the universal principle of action should be love. If this idea could be, as it seemed clear, imposable in an instant upon our enemies —the country was still at war—it would be wonderful. It would shorten the war. It would save incalculable lives. But after the war—that, everyone admitted, was the real problem.

The idea of universal love and mutual understanding, put at the disposal of unscrupulous men and sinister powers, might do incalculable damage. Whole nations might be demoralized. The will to destroy might be sapped. Armies would be abolished, arms would be dropped, armaments would be neglected or dismantled. The chaos at once ensuing in the established order of class distinctions, national rivalries, cliques, and hatreds could not be estimated.

It was generally admitted that, carefully controlled, the idea might be of incalculable service to mankind. But the same notion might develop in other places. It was well known that similar researches had been going on elsewhere, and the same disintegrating formula might be lighted on.

It was hopefully suggested that just as counter weapons had been developed in the past, so some counter-idea might be used to oppose this new and cosmically upsetting one. There were even hints that some older notions, scepticism, cynicism, and despair, marshalled in such sufficient numbers, might block this new menace to established ways. But everyone could see clearly that no such powerful moral insight as this had been really launched upon the world in past history. It had, of course, been mentioned by the Hebrew prophets and by Jesus. But in earlier times the all important technique of instantaneous propaganda had not been invented.

It was generally agreed that this was our last chance. Either we could use this idea of universal love properly, for the happiness of mankind, or like other great powerful inventions, it might destroy us. For it was clear that if one nation learned to spread this powerful notion of universal love and mutual dependence and insight that nation would morally dominate the globe. The idea itself, if it were released and really used, would prove irresistible.

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Satan in His Element

SPEAK OF THE DEVIL. An Anthology of Demonology. Edited by Sterling North and C. B. Boutell. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1945. 334 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by THOMAS SUGRUE

"WHEN consciousness of being seeks further expression, and finds itself hindered by its limitations, it becomes aware of evil," says the theologian R. J. Campbell. Stretch out the arms of your desire, then, and the Devil is waiting to embrace you. Shoo him away and he retreats no more than the length of your arm. Walk stolidly in virtuous ways and he is beside you. Lift up your gaze to heaven and his shadow falls between you and the sun. Reach for a drink to quench your thirst and he will hand you the decanter. Says Dean Inge, "The devil is *de facto* ruler of the world, which as his domain is contrary to God."

Old Scratch is not, of course, a bad fellow at heart; he could not be, for he is the agent of all good, the spur on the foot of Everyman which goads the steed of the soul to rush onward toward heaven. Though it is not generally known—for he is himself sworn to secrecy regarding it—his hope is also paradise. His sin was great, and to pay for it he must present its face to the souls of men, until each has seen, succumbed, and finally rejected it. Then it will no longer exist and Lucifer will follow the last and lingering spirit into Elysia, absolved at last of his defection. When that happens poetry will die, for Lucifer is the inspiration, the goad, and the mocking adversary of all who piddle with words, and paint, with stone and stencil. Likewise will virtue cease, and beauty, and all which has its opposite in Satan, the weeping hero of the world, the first and final exile from the face of God, and the only one who remembers with fidelity the sublimity of His countenance.

His greatest efforts are against those who have seen enough of heaven to appreciate the advantages of hell. He is closer and more real to these souls, also, for being the shadow of the Archetypal Man, the ego of the one projected from the unity of all, he is on the other side of the coin, waiting to face up when the hand of a nun, reaching for her beads, idly turns over the bright medal of her virtue; or when the sweating rimer, groping for a simile, paws through the pockets of his mind. It is natural that these saints and sinners, annoyed but fascinated by the frequency of his visits and the obstinacy of his efforts, should leave evidence of him in their scribblings and prayers. That these should be gathered *now* into an anthology is natural, since in this age we have chosen to collect and to synthesize rather than create.

The present collection confines itself to Western civilization and to fairly modern times. Satan, who is coincident in time with creation, is therefore represented in his later and more degenerate aspects, the more curious of which represents him as a simpleton unable to cope with the wiles of man. He is also shown as a gentleman who is irritated by poor taste, as a man of poor taste who irritates gentlemen, as an enemy of the pope, as a friend of the pope, as a teacher of wisdom and beauty, as a hater of music and silence, as a friend of women in their mission against men, as an enemy of the good influence which wives exert on their mates, as a jester, as a poet, as a clown, as a warrior whose task it is eternally to oppose God without victory, lest by winning he himself become God, and God, then, become the Devil.

The editors have made an excellent choice from the great mass of material on demonology. They have selected not only the best pieces from a literary standpoint, but they have represented the diverse and very nationalistic interpretations which the Western races have made for themselves of the eternal villain and his mission. Three French writers, Baudelaire, Maupassant, and Daudet, present the subtle and brilliantly logical Satan, a gentleman with exquisite manners and a flair for metaphysics. When he steps across the channel this happy gentleman is reduced to irritability and short answers, the natural result of having to deal with a utilitarian people who are concerned more with getting on in the world and seducing women than with theology and a decent meal. Anglo-Saxon scribblers from Marlowe to Max Beerbohm and John Collier testify to this, with humor and the Englishman's saving grace of recognizing his sins and satirizing them. There are examples of the Irish, the Russian, the Italian, and the Swedish devils; there are Faust, Luther's instructions regarding Satan, Baudelaire's litanies, and American tales of Beelzebub from Irving's "The Devil and Tom Walker" to Stephen Vincent Benét's "The Devil and Daniel Webster."

It is an instructive volume, full of wisdom, entertainment, and suspiciously authoritative talk by the editors. It might be wise if you are ever in their presence to turn the third finger of each hand inward and press it tightly against the palm, for if they aren't his men they are his meat.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

FAT FOLKS IN FICTION

You may find it heavy going in this week's quiz, which is on characters noted for their avoirdupois. Allowing 5 points for each one you can identify, and another 5 for the author who created him, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 27.

1. This servant girl was so plump that whenever she made any little exertion the buttons would pop off the back of her dress.

2. He had a Gargantuan figure and multiple chins, and across his stomach was a watch chain resembling a hawser, from which was suspended a gold toothpick.

3. This monstrously fat old rascal was a companion in mischief to an uninhibited Prince of Wales.

4. He had a broad face and a little round belly that shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.

5. So huge was this detective that he seldom endured the effort required to move from his office, where he sat at a desk during working hours drinking beer, three bottles at a time.

6. This 280-pound woman, who was the fat lady as well as the cashier in her husband's circus, used strong perfume by the bottle to drown out the smell from the lion.

7. So anxious was this corpulent gentleman to reduce that he took an ancient Hindu recipe which unfortunately reduced his weight to zero without changing his size.

8. This elderly lexicographer and author of a treatise on English drinking customs was so fat that he needed two canes to get around.

9. The only time this fat boy desisted from sleeping was when he was eating.

10. This young courtesan was celebrated for an embonpoint unusual for her age which had earned for her the sobriquet of Tallow Ball.

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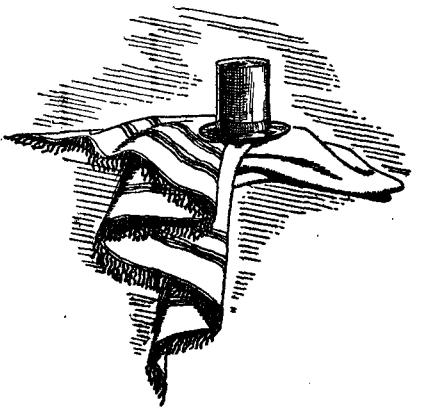
Lincoln on the Eve

A HOUSE DIVIDING: LINCOLN AS PRESIDENT-ELECT. By William E. Baringer. Springfield, Ill.: The Abraham Lincoln Association. 1945. 356 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS



MR. BARINGER, who has given us our fullest account of Lincoln's nomination and election, now follows that interesting volume by a thorough scrutiny of the four months of 1860-61 in which Lincoln made up his Cabinet, fought off the first infuriated mobs of office-seekers, dealt with the questions of compromise and concession, wound up his affairs in Springfield, and betook himself to Washington. His book abounds in detail drawn from newspapers, manuscript collections, and secondary works. Careful study of the *New York Herald* files and the papers of such Republican chieftains as Washburne, Chase, Sumner, Trumbull, and John Sherman has yielded many a juicy new item. Not all of them are political in import; several amusing pages, for example, describe Lincoln's vexations when his wife's departure for New York to buy clothes and furniture left him to struggle with household cares, and his subsequent journey to see his stepmother and visit the unmarked grave of his father. The exact sequence in which the hordes of politicians visited the President-elect, the precise character of the proposals they laid before him and of the behind-the-arras intrigues they took pains to conceal, and the way in which news of the developing secession crisis reached him, are elucidated in the most scholarly manner.

But the book has better virtues than a mass of well-arranged detail. Mr. Baringer states two conclusions of importance, and marshals a mass of evidence to support them. One is that Seward, with some help from the wily Simon Cameron, made a deliberate and determined pre-inauguration effort to control Lincoln's policy, notably in the matter of Cabinet selections. In this he completely failed: Lincoln had drawn up a list of nine favorites for his Cabinet, and after much hesitation, shuffling about, and mental agony, he shook off nearly all pressures and selected seven of these nine. He made his own Cabinet to suit himself, and though it proved a divided Cabinet, promptly splitting into a Seward-Cameron-Smith group aligned against a Chase-Blair-Welles group, this very split helped him to dominate it. The author's other conclusion respects Lincoln's position on the various proposals for compromising with the South. He played a game of masterly inactivity and self-command. He was by no means unwilling to consider any settlement which would leave Republican and freesoil principle untouched, for by nature and by Whig antecedents he was a moderate man. But he was determined not to yield on principle. Suspicious that compromise proposals looked to some further expansion of slave territory, he reiterated his own and the Republican insistence that (except possibly in New Mexico) slavery should not advance another inch.

The inference from Mr. Baringer's two main theses, and from the evidence which he adduces, is that Lincoln as President-elect was by no means the uncertain, hesitant, self-distrustful man that he has sometimes been painted; that already he showed the sagacious firmness with which the nation later became familiar, and already possessed the traits of a leader. The book developed, Mr. Baringer says in the preface, "somewhat to the author's surprise, as the story of the making of a statesman." This was essentially the view long ago advanced by Nicolay and Hay in their third volume, and for all their uncritical Lincolnolatry, John Hay and John G. Nicolay were men of sense who knew their subject at first hand. Lincoln never ceased to grow—but as the author of this book shows, he was a fairly well-fledged statesman, sure of his own abilities and resources, when he handed Douglas his hat and took the oath of office on March 4, 1861.

Analysis of Our Housing Problem

A MILLION HOMES A YEAR. By Dorothy Rosenman. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1945. 120 *pp.* $3.50

Reviewed by ELY JACQUES KAHN

MRS. ROSENMAN'S book is an exhaustively documented treatise on the need for fabulous numbers of homes and the main reasons why it is difficult to produce them. The book opens to an interesting description of the evolution of a country from rolling land, rivers, hills, and trees to the flattened pattern of our cities whose river banks are so often usurped by commerce where trees are rarities and where, also, the weight of costs and taxes is so immense that gracious living is secondary. The author is direct and loses no time in tackling the problem of how housing —the production of many homes—can be accomplished and at what effort. The reader will find no pictures of garden cities or dream houses. Here are the cold analyses of actual and hidden costs—land values, various taxes, public utilities, neighborhood responsibilities, all exposed to the white light of facts and figures.

No one can assume that optimism spurs the author to believe that some miracle will create proper shelter for many. She indicates only too clearly that the solution is difficult, that there are controversial situations as to ownership of the house and rental occupation, where the worker may find it necessary, for many reasons, to move to a new area. The basic problem is simply one of cost as against income. The statements as to the capacity of individuals to pay for proper homes, realizing the demands of local and federal governments for coverage of utility and other costs, are of great interest.

What Mrs. Rosenman does not explain is how great European housing developments were erected and how they were financed. There is an exciting story to be told of the work in Sweden and Holland, for example. Standards may be different from ours, but these small nations did accomplish a great deal, much of it of considerable value. If their records could be added to ours, some clue as to our own program of procedure might emerge. At any rate, an inspiring group of pictures could show that large-scale housing has been brought into being for people whose incomes cannot be in excess of our own. If they have been too much of a burden to the individual or to the State, that might have been indicated.

This book will be of service to anyone concerned with the broad aspects of housing, the need for planning on a large scale, and also to one who assumes that wishful thinking can hurdle the very difficult and sensitive relationship of land values, labor costs, materials, building codes, taxes and maintenance charges, and finally, return on an investment.

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The Doctor Meets the Public

THE DOCTOR'S JOB. By Carl Binger, M.D. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1945. 233 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by G. CANBY ROBINSON, M.D.

THE public interest in medicine and in medical science has greatly expanded during the past few decades. A mutual understanding between doctors and other people, whether sick or well, has definite advantages for the welfare of the medical profession and for the public. On both sides there are dissatisfactions which are calling forth the coöperation that is necessary, if medical science is to attain its maximum value as a social force. Both the medical profession and the public today are interested in the kind of book which will stimulate and encourage mutual understanding.

Doctor Carl Binger, in his book "The Doctor's Job," has made an excellent contribution toward this understanding in presenting the doctor and his problems to the public. He has unusual qualifications for this task, the first being his ability to write with charm, intimacy, and with a sense of humor. As he is writing about the work and experience that have dominated his life, there is, as he acknowledges, an autobiographic spirit in the book that reveals the author's unique breadth of training and experience, his sincerity and his scientific and philosophic soundness.

The earlier years of Doctor Binger's medical career were filled with not only sound clinical training, but also with studies in physiology and research on problems of disease, carried on in laboratories of several great scientists. Then his mind turned to the more intimate study of the individual person, and he underwent a change in direction or perhaps method by approaching the study of man through the methods of psychoanalysis. It is this combination of experience and knowledge that forms his concepts of the doctor's job.

The main theme of his book is that the doctor's job is primarily to gain a thorough understanding of each patient as a total individual, and much is said that bears on the means of doing so and on the importance of making the best use of the knowledge so gained. He tries, as he says, "always to come back to the patient himself and his needs and fears and hopes." He gives a large place to fear and anxiety as productive of much of man's suffering and illness, and he exemplifies the need for finding out the causes of fears and anxieties.

—*Bachrach*

Carl Binger "has made an honest, wise, and useful effort to help those who need medical care."

The study of the relationship of mind and body has received in recent years a fresh impetus, and doctors are returning to the admonition of Plato who said more than two thousand years ago: "The part can never be well unless the whole is well—For this is the great error of our day in the treatment of the human body, that physicians separate the soul from the body."

The book is written in the form of a number of short sketches on a large number of medical subjects, which are never carried to the length of exhausting the interest of the lay reader. These sketches are constantly illustrated by personal experiences that give to them life and human interest.

A brief account of the high spots in the development of modern medicine is followed by a discussion of specialties and specialists. The relationship of doctor and patient is considered, which leads to an illuminating account of the place in medicine of psychoanalysis and psychiatry and the necessity of the study of man as a whole, made up of mind and body, to which the new word "psychosomatic medicine" has been given. It is explained and amplified by a discussion of several diseases that demonstrate the integration of the mental and physical components of illness, as in stomach ulcer, asthma, and high blood pressure and illustrate the necessity of considering the patient as a whole in searching for causes and means of treatment.

In the latter part of the book various phases of the doctor's job are presented as problems needing greater development and wider interest. Convalescence and chronic diseases, the prevention of illness, both physical and mental, socialized medicine or the support of medical care from public funds and other economic problems of medicine are explained and discussed. A brief view of office practice, of hospitals and out-patient departments shows the various ways the doctor's job may be performed, and the attitudes of patients toward their medical environment are described. Finally a glimpse of the past, of the present, and into the future shows how the doctor's job has changed and how it is bound to continue to change as a knowledge of medical science and as an understanding of human beings continue to expand and to intensify.

The attitudes and beliefs of the public toward medicine, doctors, and illness have through the ages been confused by false notions, out-worn traditions, hope of miracles, and the persuasion of charlatans. It has been difficult for the average man to know the good from the bad and even harder still to discover the best among the less good, in spite of constant efforts to meet wisely and effectively the problems of life or death, of happiness or misery, of well-being or chronic illness. Doctor Binger has made an honest, wise, and very useful effort to help those who need medical care to realize their true needs and how to find them. He has emphasized the Hippocratic Oath by using it as a frontispiece, to give courage to the doubters by showing that there has been preserved from the earlier times of medical history ethical standards in medicine, which are alive today and which serve to define the relationship of the true physician to those who seek his aid.

August, 1945, Amenia, N. Y.

By Melville Cane

UNDER maple-shade,
A thousand leagues from battle,
From misery, man-made,
Gentle cattle
Drowse in the undangerous afternoon.
Faint as shadow-hint,
Over the meadow
A stir, the lightest stir,
Lifts bee-balm
In waves of lavender
Across the calm
Of the undangerous afternoon.
Now, slow clouds amass,
Bulk, pass
Over, bank sunfire.
Nature's at peace.
Cease gunfire!

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Strictly Personal

THE THOMAS WOLFE I KNEW

—Drawing by Francesca Bolles

"The actor Tom Wolfe was mistaken by those who did not understand him for the real Tom Wolfe."

WHEN Dr. Greenlaw called upon him to read his piece, the tall, gangling fellow stood up, cleared his throat, fumbled in his pockets, pulled out a couple of yellow sheets, began reading the scrawled pencilling.

After a while, the tall youth finished what was written on the sheets, and pausing in the middle of a sentence, thrust them back into his inside coat pocket, from which he shortly hauled forth a sheet of white typewriter paper. As he started reading again, the class snickered.

When he had exhausted the flowing sentences on the white sheet, he stuck it into a side pocket, fumbled again, pulled forth a long envelope, began reading from the back. This time the class guffawed. The professor laughed too. Had some other fellow tried that stunt, he would have been hit by one withering look that would have ended his literary labors for the day, at least. But not Tom Wolfe. Dr. Edwin Greenlaw, one of America's great teachers of creative writing, knew he was dealing with a rare fellow in that tall, awkward youth. And he let the guy have his rein.

Tom, of course, was acting, playing to the gallery. Ostensibly, he had awakened in the middle of the night with a tremendous idea, had grabbed the only bits of paper available in a mad race to get his brain child recorded. As a matter of fact, he had planned the whole stunt, for stunt it was, and he knew the class would love it.

That incident, I contend, provides a key to the understanding of Thomas Wolfe.

I was a schoolmate of Tom and one of his closest friends during the days at Chapel Hill. He was a member of the class of 1920, I of the class of 1921. But we had many courses together, the creative writing course, for instance, along with Paul Green and Jonathan Daniels. We were also closely associated in "Proff" Koch's Carolina Playmakers, then in its formative days. Tom one year was president of Sigma Upsilon, a national fraternity of budding authors, and I was secretary, which meant that I had to arrange for the feeds, the principal part of each S. U. program, while Tom could come into the meeting room a half hour late and out of breath from bounding up the stairs, and immediately take charge of whatever momentous discussion was under way.

Twenty-five years ago this summer Tom tossed his diploma from the University of North Carolina into his trunk and went home to Asheville in the mountains. He was nineteen, six-feet-three-inches tall, a gawky, lovable guy with a nervous, jerky way of talking, a quick, intense eagerness to be understood and appreciated, a warm devotion to his many friends.

Seven years ago this fall Tom Wolfe, taller still by four inches and heavier by seventy-five pounds, came home again to Asheville, this time to his long home, and they buried him on a hillside near the grave of that other giant of North Carolina letters, O. Henry.

In the eighteen years that intervened between these homecomings Thomas Wolfe had achieved international recognition through the fierceness that forever burned within him, the soaring, brave spirit that translated itself into millions of words, many of tremendous force and unearthly beauty, many that might well have been blue-pencilled.

And today a legend has developed around the personality of Tom Wolfe. It was beginning to take shape even before he died in September 1938. Now it is threatening to obscure the true picture of this young novelist whose death, in the opinion of many, cut down one of the nation's most promising fashioners of brave, beautiful words.

Some time ago a young man who had never seen him but had devoured everything he could find that Tom had written, came to see me about him. He said he was planning to do a biography.

"Tell me," he said, "is it true that Wolfe never took a bath, never had his hair cut, and sometimes shut himself up in his room for days and mooned away with the Persian poets?" And, his eyes narrowing, he added quickly: "Is it true, as I have heard, that he was queer-r-r?"

He lost a chapter right there.

"Somebody has given you the wrong slant on Tom Wolfe," I told him. "You've been reading some of the tabloid feature writers. Tom was no society fashion plate at school, though he did belong to a social fraternity. But he looked as good as some of the fellows at Chapel Hill who have become bank presidents and cotton mill magnates and bishops. And as for his haircuts, I don't recall that he ever looked like Daniel Boone, and as to the bathing, I don't remember his ever having showed any alarming lack of water. And queer? He was queer, all right, if you mean by being queer that he was different, and quicker on the trigger, and a genius at slinging words one after the other until you could hear them singing, or screeching, or purring, or roaring. But if you are intimating that Tom was mixed up in his sexual adjustments, well, you're as wrong as the devil."

I'd like to repeat and emphasize what I told him.

IN the days at Chapel Hill, as I said, I knew Tom Wolfe perhaps as intimately as any other of his schoolmates. And after he left there, in the years at Harvard, abroad, in Brooklyn, he was but a more grownup Tom of the years at Chapel Hill. As far as I could ever learn, Tom never changed.

Chapel Hill had much to do with shaping Tom Wolfe. Three of his professors particularly were of the type well suited to his development. Dr. Greenlaw was in a large measure responsible for Tom's writing success. He understood the boy. He gave him discreet supervision. But he let Tom have his head.

The same was true of old Horace Williams, beloved philosophy professor, and "Proff" Fred Koch, who had so much to do with developing the native theatre in America. Tom was

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the first boy to join "Proff's" class when he came down from North Dakota in the fall of 1918 to begin the work. He wrote plays and lustily acted the leads in them. That is another approach to understanding Tom. He was an actor. He loved to tread the boards, as he did that morning on Dr. Greenlaw's class, as he did in countless bull sessions, as he did around the old well, down town at Gooch's eating place, wherever a group knotted with him at its center. And frequently, and I think especially in his New York days, the actor Tom Wolfe was mistaken by those who did not understand him for the real Tom Wolfe. That helps explain the development of the false legend about him.

It is true that he was highly introspective. He lived, as all artists do at times, in a dream world of tremendous proportions and gorgeous coloring. But he likewise lived with his big feet in the dirt of Chapel Hill and upon the pavements of Brooklyn. And he loved it.

If anybody enjoyed companionship and college associations, it was Tom. He belonged to about everything on the Hill—Pi Kappa Phi social fraternity, Sigma Upsilon writing fraternity, the Amphoterothen, a discussion club, the Satyrs (who were what they sound like), Omega Delta, the dramatic society, the Y.M.C.A. Cabinet, the Student Council, the Athletic Council, the German club, and others. And he was on the boards of all the publications.

Tom was the ideal story-teller. He had an unusual way of speaking, too, half a dozen words said quickly, a swallow, with his Adam's-apple dancing up and down like an elevator on the loose, and then another half dozen. The last time I talked with Tom he was talking the same way. The boys naturally congregated around him. He could sit up into the small hours discussing with vehemence some subject of no value except as a topic for wordy philosophizing and argument.

Nor did he change in that respect, either. Only a year or so before Tom died I met a mutual friend I had not seen for years. Soon the conversation got around to Chapel Hill and the old crowd.

"When have you seen Tom Wolfe?"

"Well, I was in New York three weeks ago. Didn't see Tom, but I did see John Terry." (John Terry was perhaps Tom's best friend both at Chapel Hill and in the days since, and he is now writing the authentic biography of Tom.) I asked him about Tom. John said he lived in Brooklyn Heights near Tom and they saw each other very often. He said he met Tom on the street in front of a restaurant. They talked a few minutes and then went inside the restaurant. They sat there and talked for sixteen hours.

"Sixteen hours!," I said. "You mean six hours."

"No, sixteen."

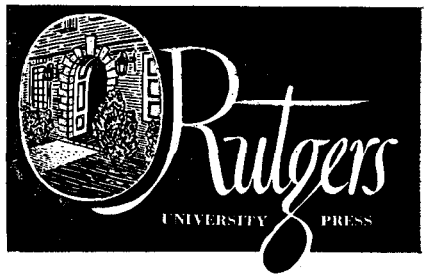
Tom hadn't changed much.

His letters to me in the days after Chapel Hill indicated the same thing. I have one that I especially prize. It is the essence of Tom Wolfe. Success never spoiled him. He remained the same big shuffling, fumbling, sincere, friendly fellow, the Tom who loved his friends, yes, and I insist, loved life, and lived it.

Down in the letter he wrote:

> It's awfully good of you to take an interest in what I do and I want you to know how sincerely I appreciate it and how much it means to me. I have worked like hell these past four or five years and although I am still in the apprentice stage [he had already become established as one of our major novelists], I hope and believe I have learned something and will keep on learning. It took me a long time. My idea was all right but my calculations were a little off. In other words, I thought I was going to write one book, a mere paragraph of 200,000 words or so, and I ended up by writing three, each of which is about a half million words long. Furthermore, I started out by writing number three first, then number two, and at last I got back to number one, which is now finished and which Scribner's are publishing in a few weeks. The end is not yet. There are still two more to follow before the awful deed is done and the reading public if it manages to survive may refer to the author of "Anthony Adverse" as a writer of short sketches.
>
> Anyway, the story ought to sound pretty familiar to you and I suppose it proves that the leopard never changes its spots. No, I don't think I have changed very much since the Chapel Hill days, not inside at any rate. Outside I regret to say I have changed heavily. The gaunt Wolfe of the mountains is no more. I weigh around 240 pounds and I'm afraid I'll never get back the old greyhound model.
>
> I see Bill Weber at Scribner's quite often and he always tells me when he has a letter from you. Of course, I am interested in the book you are working on and I wish you the best kind of success with it. When you find a publisher I hope naturally it will be Scribner's. I have the greatest reason to be grateful to them. They have not only stood behind me and believed in me in every way but the whole outfit has sweated with me in an effort to get me to deliver the goods. . . .
>
> P. S. I see John Terry every week or so. He lives just a few blocks away from me here on Brooklyn Heights and we get together for dinner and then discuss the strange vexed state of man until the cold, grey dawn and the last milk wagon have gone by. So you see we haven't changed much from Chapel Hill days, after all.

LEGETTE BLYTHE.



Right in Your Own Backyard...

THE AVERAGE Easterner thinks of folklore as some sort of vegetable that grows out West. Yet in the shadow of New York and Philadelphia there exists a strange country of wild legend and wilder truth. Along the banks of New Jersey's winding Mullica River, closer than Atlantic City to either Broadway or Broad Street, lies an isolated fragment of America where what we call folklore is not a thing of memory but of daily life. Here in the river mud loom the hulks of British warships sunk in the Revolution. Here the bat child who was to become the Jersey Devil was conceived and set loose upon the terrified countryside by a mother's curse. Here a land and a people remain unchanged by time.

One of the great folklorists of our generation has written the fabulous story of the Mullica and its people as he heard it and saw it unfold during his sojourn among them. The *Chicago Sun* calls JERSEY GENESIS an "irresistible chronicle of legend, yarn and folk, lively and easy-going", filled with "fascinating stories and splendid photographs".[1]

WE AMERICANS tend to overlook many things close to home—problems as well as blessings. Indeed, many foreign nations pay more attention to some of our problems than we do. The English, for instance, show greater interest than most of us in the condition of the American Indian.

Back in 1939, the *London Times*' special supplement on American life in honor of the New York World's Fair devoted much of its space to a discussion of the "Red Indian". The editors of the *Times*, now confronted by a Labor government, might be interested in knowing that if Britain's present rulers had been in the saddle during colonial days the fate of the "Red Indian" might have been distinctly different. One of America's foremost authorities on Indian administration observes that one basic reason for the constant strife between the settlers and aborigines was the conflict between their economic systems—the white man's concept of individual ownership and the communal practices of the Indians. This and other often startling information that more Americans should know about the Indians is contained in UNCLE SAM'S STEPCHILDREN, a thought-provoking work which the *American Historical Review* calls "the most comprehensive and fully documented book in its field".[2]

1. JERSEY GENESIS
by Henry Charlton Beck, $3.50
2. UNCLE SAM'S STEPCHILDREN
by Loring Benson Priest, $3.75

At all bookstores

RUTGERS UNIVERSITY PRESS
New Brunswick, N. J.

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NEW WORDS FOR OLD BOOKS

THE general translation problem discussed in Mr. Sorell's article in this issue moves us to suggest that publishers looking for new literary projects might consider the retranslation of vital books in foreign languages that still command a wide reading public. We are not referring to massive series of classics in twenty or fifty volumes which decorate and collect dust on the loftiest shelves of elaborate private libraries. Let the celebrated authors of antiquity rest in their gloomy sepulchres waiting for the student. Nor do we have in mind the individual books that have had the good fortune to be translated into living English. No book can appear to the reader to be better than the language in which he has read it; and if it bores him, he is apt to lay the blame on the author's shoulders and not on the translator's, where it belongs. We would except, for example, Eden and Cedar Paul's English version of Stefan Zweig's novels and Willa and Eden Muir's translation of "Jüd Suss" and other books of Feuchtwanger, simply because those books seem perfectly satisfactory in English, as is the case of Thomas Mann's "The Magic Mountain" in the English of H. T. Lowe-Porter, or Kenneth Burke's translation of "Death in Venice."

To our mind, the Scandinavian and German writers have had better luck in English than the French or the Russian writers, though this may seem to be heresy or ignorance. Doubtless, no one could ask for a better translator of Marcel Proust than Scott-Moncrieff, but like great numbers of Americans we read French, and prefer "Swann's Way" in the original. Then, too, French writers are stylists, they address the ear as well as the mind, and it is incredibly difficult to catch in English the right phrase and the right intonation.

Hilaire Belloc has said, "To translate French into Spanish you need a Spanish mind; to translate German into English you need an English mind —and so forth." This may be true of other languages, but we doubt if it applies to French and Russian. Like Lewis Galantière, or Lafcadio Hearn, it is better to have some French blood in your veins or to have lived in France so long that some transfusion, bodily and mentally, has occurred. On the other hand, an American does not have to live in Russia to deal with or appreciate Russians, apart from their political and economic theories. Their language is as uncorseted and robust as English, or better still, American. The translations of the great Russian writers, Tolstoy, Turgeniev, Gogol, Dostoievsky, to put down only a few of them haphazardly, should be reexamined. Surely, Constance Garnett, born in 1862, that lone, Victorian funnel through which the majestic and furious torrent of the greatest Russian literature has been poured into our books, should not remain forever the only vessel so privileged. Why should not the Guggenheim Foundation send over to Russia a vigorous writer, vitally alive today, if only half as talented as Thomas Wolfe, Hemingway, or Steinbeck, and let him study the people and the language, and eventually recreate "Crime and Punishment," "The Brothers Karamazov," and "Dead Souls"? The Foundation has spent many of its yearly thousands for lesser purposes. But if this miracle should come about, the visiting writer should not be allowed to create a monopoly, to seize the whole body of an author's work as have so many translators of the past, like Mrs. Garnett, who, in fact, translated eighteen novels of Turgeniev, fifteen of Dostoievsky's books and all of Chekov's.

Tolstoy in English has been less of a monopoly since he has been shared by three other translators, Leo Wiener, Nathan Haskell Doyle, and Louise and Aylmer Maude, in twenty-eight, twenty-one, and twenty volumes respectively. Why Mrs. Garnett kept her hands off Tolstoy is not known, whether because of another writer's prior claim or her dislike of Tolstoy's radical ideas. Isabel Hapgood has been another fluent translator. Not frightened by Mrs. Garnett's prior claim, she translated for Scribner's all of Turgeniev in fourteen volumes, some of Gogol, and Bunin's "The Village."

Most of the Victorian translators are to be suspected on the grounds that they are inclined to be too verbose and because in all of them was hidden the soul of Mrs. Grundy, so that they thought of frank expressions of sex as bad taste and bad form. They were born expurgators and are not wholly suitable today.

In serried ranks in libraries there lies the more or less recumbent body of the great Balzac's work. George Saintsbury, professor, critic, journalist, born in 1845, translated the "Comédie Humaine," with its two thousand characters, its complete revelations of the bourgeois heart, soul and intestines, in thirty-six polite volumes. Balzac will remain Saintsbury to America until somebody undertakes to revive the best of his mammoth series.

Dumas! Surely no historical romancer of the past century remains so popular as Alexander Dumas, no matter how many collaborators or ghosts he employed. He enjoyed the mixed blessings of being translated by almost anyone who came along. It is true that almost anyone who has learned French can translate him, without missing anything but his incredibly witty dialogue, and so in fact without missing Dumas. Read part of the "Viscount de Bragelonne" in French and compare it with the text of a complete English version, and it will be proved to you that Dumas needs a new translator, too. It might be an excellent publishing venture to persuade an accomplished historical novelist to undertake the "D'Artagnan Romances," or the "Valois" series in muscular and witty prose. Victor Hugo, or part of his work, needs a new translation. A modern might say that he was "corny" in a great many ways, but it is fair to assume that his translators have only exaggerated his verbose sentimentality. Whether there would be any demand for a revived Zola today, it is difficult to say, but Ernest Vizetelly, who was a newspaper correspondent during the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, translated the founder of the naturalist school in France, en masse. It is safe to say that to millions of Americans Zola is Vizetelly, and no one else. There is something about translating wholesale that produces remarkable longevity. Vizetelly lived to seventy, Saintsbury to eighty-eight, and Mrs. Garnett to sixty-nine.

It would be wise to leave Maupassant to Ernest Boyd for a long time to come, Proust and Stendhal to Scott-Moncrieff, Jules Romains to W. B. Wells, and Maurois to Hamish Miles. To go to a far distant country, to Japan's great novel, Lady Murasaki's "Tales of Gengi," let us hope that it will remain forever in the masterly translation of Arthur Waley. But as time passes and our language is enriched with new words and symbols the great literature of the not too remote past should find new interpreters from the present, or else a great body of it will pass from the mind and memory of a future generation.

H. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Whitman to 1945

SIR: Anyone as high, wide, handsome—and vague—as Old Musolept Walt was bound to be right a good deal of the time; but even so I think either or both of these extracts are agreeable now.

Walt Whitman, "A Broadway Pageant" (written ca. 1860, à propos the first Japanese ambassadors to this country):

When million-footed Manhattan unpent descends to her pavements,
When the fire-flashing guns have fully alerted me,
When pennants trail and street-festoons hang from the windows,
When Broadway is entirely given up to foot-passengers and foot-standers, when the mass is densest, . . .

For not the envoys nor the tann'd Japanee from his island only,
Vast desolated cities, the gliding present, all of these and more are in the pageant-procession.
Geography, the world, is in it,
The Great Sea, the brood of islands, Polynesia, the coast beyond,
The coast you henceforth are facing—you, Libertad! from your Western golden shores,
The countries there with their populations,
Mandarin, farmer, merchant, mechanic, and fisherman,
The singing-girl and the dancing-girl, the ecstatic persons, the secluded emperors . . .

And you Libertad of the world!
You shall sit in the middle well-pois'd,
As today from one side the nobles of Asia come to you,
As tomorrow from the other side the queen of England sends her eldest son to you.

And from "Thou Mother with Thy Equal Brood" (written 1872):

Land of unprecedented faith, God's faith,
Thy soil, thy very subsoil, all upheav'd,
The general inner earth so long so sedulously draped over, now hence for what it is boldly laid bare,
Open'd by thee to heaven's light for benefit or bale.

Not for success alone,
Not to fair-sail unintermitted always,
The storm shall dash thy face, the murk of war and worse than war shall cover thee all over,
(Wert capable of war, its tug and trials? be capable of peace, its trials,
For the tug and mortal strain of nations come at last in prosperous peace, not war.)
. . . Face thy fortunes and surmount them all,
Soar toward the fulfilment of the future,
The soul, its destinies, the real real.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Roslyn Heights, N. Y.

"All right! Sign your poems 'Anonymous'—but *I* have to know who you are!"

It Is I? It Is Me?

SIR: The argument which Winifred McAlister advances in favor of "It is me," and "It is him" is not wholly supported either by literary usage or common vernacular. We have evidence both in the King James version of the new Testament and in Shakespeare's plays that "It is I," "It is he" were good Elizabethan usage.

In "As You Like It," Oliver says: 'Twas I; but 'tis not I.

ORLANDO: I am he that is so love-shaked.
ROSALIND: 'Tis he; slink by and note him not.

In Margaret Widdemer's poem "The Factories" the first stanza ends:

Oh, my little sister, was it I? Was it I?

The second stanza ends with similar question, and the last with: It was I! It was I! That poem would be quite spoiled, I think, if Miss Widdemer had said "It was me!"

Little children are today chanting the Mother Goose rhyme:

Cry, baby, cry;
Stick your finger in your eye
And tell your mother it wasn't I,

without feeling that it is stilted or school-mam English.

Miss McAlister says that affected timidity makes us go to the telephone and *bleat* "This is he." Bleating is a matter of the personality; and the sheepish person is just as likely to bleat "This is him." English teachers may in the past have been too insistent about "It is I," but since the appearance of the studies in "Current English Usage," by Sterling A. Leonard, they are likely to allow "It is me" except in formal writing. To be consistent, the person who says "It is me" should also say "It is him, It is them, It is us." According to the Leonard investigation, all of the 229 judges approved of "It is I," while a majority of the judges likewise approved of "It is me." Two-thirds of the judges rated "It is him" as disputable. It appears from this investigation that grammar has little to do with these constructions, and it remains to be seen which way usage will finally swing.

A. L. PHILLIPS.

Mayville, North Dakota.

"The Happy Time"

SIR: Mr. Sugrue has so completely understood what I was trying to do in my novel ["The Happy Time," *SRL*, July 28] that I am tempted to send him a collection of garters and a water-cooler of wine come Christmas.

Such a sympathetic reading of a first novel and such clear perception of the author's aim has probably saved him from turning in confusion to a study of the sociological influence of carpet tacks as they are stepped on, or the home life of the middle class for his second book.

ROBERT FONTAINE.

Springfield, Mass.

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TRADE Winds

ONCE UPON A TIME a man could open a market letter from a Wall Street brokerage house with a reasonable certainty of what he was going to find therein. "The fact that the rails have confirmed the industrial highs made six months ago last Thursday is clear indication that the major trend continues upward, although a preliminary minor reversal lasting nine or ten years could clip forty points off the averages without surprising us for a damn." Or "Insiders are accumulating Schucat Combustion on the theory that a four-for-one split-up is imminent if the company doesn't go bankrupt in the meantime." You read what the experts had to say, and, vastly reassured, bought five hundred shares of a stock highly recommended by your elevator boy.

Alas, in this world of violent flux, even market letters have changed their character. Last week, I opened a report from the Stock Exchange house of Arthur Wiesenberger and Company, to find the following remarkable announcement:

SEEING IS BELIEVING

Let us report it to you straight that a product has been discovered that *positively restores hair*. It is simple to use (just rub it into the scalp for a few minutes every day); it is cheap ($2.50 for a six-weeks' supply); and, best of all, soon after this issue reaches the desks of our balding readers, McLaran's "3 Out of 5" will be on sale in drug stores throughout the country.

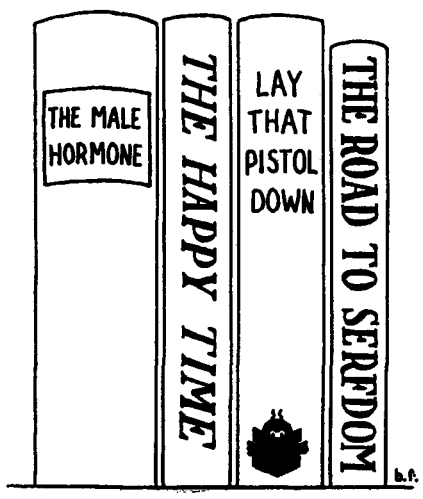
It all started in March, 1943 when Patentee Representative Slav J. Youcheff, in his usual hunt for new products for industry, ran across and bought all the rights to the formula. He got busy right away trying to find out just how good or how bad a thing he had. He mixed up a trial batch, handed the tubes of ointment out to almost anyone who would promise to apply it for a few minutes every day. Then he asked all his "guinea-pigs" to report their progress from time to time.

As the good results came trickling in he began collecting affidavits and pictures taken before and after using and passing out more of his product for testing. He purposely held up on any kind of publicity but word got around via the well-known grapevine and now several large and prominent companies are trying to get options to buy the rights. Promoter Youcheff has made no final decision as yet, but is going ahead with plans to exploit this golden goose all by himself. The Pure Food & Drug Administration, the Federal Trade Commission and OPA had to be consulted. After the Board of Health and the Barbers' Guild had nodded approval, McLaren's 3 Out of 5 was finally ready for a public appearance.

That appearance will take place almost any time now in a 3-oz. jar for $2.50, enough for six weeks' application when all but the most stubborn cases will show beginning results. But its use must be continued for a year to cover a completely bald head and the cost will run about $30. Probable largest single customer group for 3 Out of 5: returning war veterans. Halloran Hospital patients are getting it free and are delighted with the results. Negotiations are already under way for sale of distribution rights in England, several South American countries, Egypt, Iran, Iraq and Syria.

I wouldn't dream of questioning Mr. Wiesenberger's sources of information, but until the day I mistake Bill Soskin for Dr. Einstein—with my glasses on—I'm afraid I'm going to class his magic hair-restorer with radio commercials and book-jacket blurbs. . . .

"DAYS AND NIGHTS," the Simonov novel recently earmarked by the Book-of-the-Month Club, was discovered for Simon and Schuster by Philippe Halsman, the photographer. It glorifies the defenders of Stalingrad, but contains no trace of propaganda. This will pain the Comrades, but will not give them the conniption fits caused by the Club's last Russian selection, Aldanov's "The Fifth Seal." . . . There is one good Comrade who answered all my jibes and criticisms for two years with a lofty "Why should I waste my time with an ignoramus like you? Just read Browder's 'Teheran' if you really want an answer to your silly questions." I haven't been able to get him on the phone since the boys and girls discovered overnight they had been backing the wrong horse in Mr. Browder and, as is their quaint custom, promptly turned around and started kicking their erstwhile idol in the teeth. . . .



THREE GOOD newspaper stories are going the rounds. Joe Williams recalls the dodge of a lazy columnist on the old *Telegraph* who took a long editorial of Arthur Brisbane's and reprinted it word for word in his own column, contributing one original sentence at the end. It read, "What on earth does Brisbane mean by all this?" . . . *Cosmopolitan's* promotion shark, M. I. Pitkin, tells about a circus advanceman named Flanagan who dropped into a small-town newspaper office and asked the cost of a full-page ad. "One hundred bucks," said the editor. "And a half-page?" "One hundred bucks." "And a quarter-page?" "One hundred bucks." "Your rates aren't very elastic," commented the exasperated circus man. "How do you calculate them?" "That's easy," the editor assured him. "Your show is due here on July 12th, I've got the only paper in town, and on the 13th I've got a note due for exactly one hundred bucks." . . . During Mark Twain's early days in the newspaper business in Missouri, relates Irving Hoffman, he received a letter from a subscriber stating that he had found a spider in his paper, and asking if this was an omen of good or bad luck. Twain replied, "Finding a spider in your paper is neither good luck nor bad. The spider was merely looking over our paper to see which merchant was not advertising so that he could go to that store, spin his web across the door and lead a life of undisturbed peace ever afterward." . . .

"WHAT A PITY times are not what they used to be. Children no longer obey their parents and everyone wants to write a book." This plaint was voiced neither by a victim of the Inquiring Photographer nor a harassed publisher at the Ritz. It is a literal translation, vows E. Stanley Jones, in "The Christ of Every Road," of the message inscribed on the oldest piece of papyrus preserved by the State Museum in Istanbul. . . . *Life* recently ran a digest of George Stewart's "Names on the Land," and has been bombarded ever since by correspondents who deplored the omission of Bug Scuffle, Oh-Be-Joyful, Intercourse, Smitchawitchie, Peekaboo Gulch, Herculaneum, and countless other weirdly-named hamlets and creeks in this great country of ours. One learned soul offered this explanation of the origin of "Spuyten Duyvil": an old Dutchman who lived nearby scoffed at the stream's formidable currents and vowed that he would swim it "in spite of the devil." By a slight miscalculation he succeeded only in getting drowned, but the name stuck. The spot has long since been dredged and widened for navigation,

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"It's an idea he picked up in Africa."

and today the only excitement at Spuyten Duyvil comes when Columbia's football rivals score a touchdown a minute at Baker Field. . . .

A PARAGRAPH from Evelyn Waugh's forthcoming novel, "Brideshead Revisited":

> On a sheep-cropped knoll under a clump of elms we ate the strawberries and drank the wine—as Sebastian promised, they were delicious together—and we lit fat, Turkish cigarettes and lay on our backs, while the blue-grey smoke rose, untroubled by any wind, to the blue-green shadows of foliage, and the sweet scent of the tobacco merged with the summer scents around us, and the fumes of the golden wine seemed to lift us a finger's breadth above the turf and hold us suspended. "Just the place to bury a crock of gold," said Sebastian. "I should like to bury something precious in every place where I've been happy and then, when I was old and ugly and miserable, I could come back and dig it up and remember."

J. Frank Dobie, author of "Texan in England," strikes a less idyllic note about Britain in summertime. He tells about a country squire who met the Persian Ambassador in London and remarked, "They tell me that in your country you worship the sun." The Persian answered, "So would you if you ever saw it." . . .

WHY ANYBODY should ponder over a sentence that reads the same from right to left as it does from left to right is a question I am not prepared to answer, but at Sinclair Lewis's house, just before he left for Duluth, that is what we found ourselves doing. Stanley McGovern, creator of "Silly Milly" came up with "RATS LIVE ON NO EVIL STAR." Carl Van Doren offered "LEWD DID I LIVE & EVIL I DID DWELL." When asked about the final "L" in "dwell," he settled for a Scotch and soda. . . . Cowl Rider remembers a conversation between Barney Google and a waiter that was printed exactly as follows: "FUNEX?" "SVFX." "FUNEM?" "SVFM." "OK-MNX." . . .

AN IRATE MEMBER accosted the secretary of a London literary club and said "Give me your advice, John. I have been deliberately insulted by Colonel So-and-so. Without preamble, he said to me, 'Sir, I'll give you fifty pounds if you resign membership in this club.' What do you think I ought to do about it?" "That's obvious," said the secretary tartly. "Hold out for a better offer." BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"

THE BARON *turned around and smiled at the professor. "You are a student of history, Tuck. Tell me, isn't it astounding to you when you compare the state of man in the world with the state of man as it seems to be possible by our example?"* Where the rock called the island of Campagna towers up from the Mediterranean, two Americans and an English professor, a German baron, and an Italian girl set their example in 1939. They were **The Dreamers,** and because, like Baron Gus' parrot who was trained to say *Heil Hitler,* there was a nation of Nazis who were also **The Dreamers,** conflict was to ensue after the octagenarian professor had lain on his back in the blue Mediterranean for three years, blissfully blowing bubbles.

So to begin with, **The Dreamers** is a good title. But J. BIGELOW CLARK'S first novel has far more between its covers than the simple philosophical note implied in its title. The rock island called Campagna was from time immemorial an ambassador of earth in that place where *Heaven and Earth are unequally allotted to the visible world.* World War II came, but for a time Campagna's dreamers maintained its paradisal aloofness, that is until the Nazis arrived under Captain Muller to take over the island for security reasons. What these security reasons were, and how the little group of dreamers awoke from their dreams to fight for their lives forms the exciting action of the book. (What lovers of peace can do in a pinch is probably the most exciting human phenomenon of our times.)

In addition to the increasing tension of the plot there came the increased interest on the part of this reader in the array of characters themselves. At times suggestive of *Elliot Paul* in his understanding and in his desire to present rather than to judge, CLARK is at the same time suggestive of *Bemelmans.* Witness this characterization: *The chief put his hands behind his back and severely focussed his good eye upon them while his glass eye looked straight through the wall, unafraid, into the hushed suburbs of unwritten history.*

paul

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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Seeing Things

ORGANIZING THE EMOTIONS

EDITOR'S NOTE: *John Mason Brown is on vacation. This is the sixth of a series of seven guest columns to be published while he is away. The author of Seeing Things this week is Russel Crouse, noted playwright.*

AS a practising playwright, I am frequently taken to task by large ladies, who seem to have just stepped off of Helen Hokinson's drawing board, for the undeniable fact that the American theatre has not produced a truly great war play. I treat them all with great civility because I must live up to my reputation of being the charming member of the firm of Lindsay & Crouse. But because the queries usually are thrown at me from behind a teacup at some literary brawl I seldom have an opportunity to answer adequately.

At the moment, however, I haven't a mouth full of hors d'oeuvre. I'm going to make the most of my opportunity.

We have had war plays. Most of them have been bad. Some of them have been good. One, "A Bell for Adano," is very good. We have had plays that skirted war themes without being war plays, such as "The Hasty Heart," by John Patrick, "Common Ground," by Edward Chodorov, and "Foxhole in the Parlor," by Elsa Shelley. But we will not have any plays that really capture the emotions engendered by war until the nation has returned to a basis of peacetime thought and reflection and can look back at the war with emotional perspective.

The reasons for this are fairly simple, it seems to me. Great playwrights are great because they are able, within the confines of a play, to organize an audience's emotions successfully. They do this deliberately. By skilful manipulation of characters or situations they enlist those who sit before their work in a "cause." The "cause" may be nothing more than a boy's pursuit of a girl. But unless a playwright can make his audience emotionally interested in what he wants it to believe he fails.

But what happens in a war? A nation's emotions are so concentrated on an intangible—victory—that it is almost impossible to organize them for any given period behind any tangible reflection of the great intangible.

I will give you an example of what I mean—and you probably are saying to yourselves: "High time!" Early in the war Mr. Gilbert Miller presented in New York a play which had been written in England called "The Heart of a City." It was the story of the little Windmill Theatre in London which had kept going, bravely giving performances, in the midst of the blitz. I went to see it with considerable interest. I found myself watching it without being moved in the least. Audiences apparently felt the same way about it because it did not succeed.

Why weren't we moved? Because by the time the play was presented here the London blitz was over. We all knew that London had come through it safely. There wasn't any suspense. The war itself was the big problem on our minds, not what happened to one little theatrical troupe in the midst of it. Our emotions had leaped ahead—to Stalingrad, where the Russians were fighting one of the great battles of the war, to which we did not know the answer.

I might have gone home that night and started to write a play about Stalingrad. But by the time I had finished it and it had been produced, our audience emotions would have moved on—to the Coasts of Africa where our own troops were fighting their way ashore. I could have gone on writing plays about various phases of the war but always I would have been a step behind our advancing emotions.

If I could have presented the war itself on a stage I might have held them. But it took the United States Government considerable time to assemble the cast for that production and many billions of dollars to build the sets and furnish the "props." I couldn't have competed with that.

While a war is on there is another emotional factor to be considered by the playwright. It is the fact that if he does succeed in bringing the audience's emotional consideration to a war problem he may be drilling into war nerves with much the same resultant pain that a dentist can achieve. Even if he does not create that pain he can create the fear of it, which is even worse so far as he is concerned.

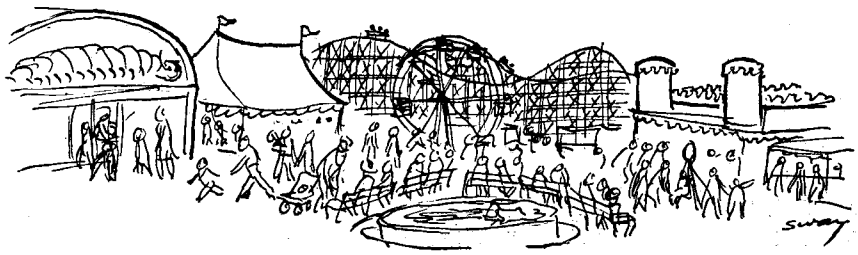
Last season Mr. Lindsay and I produced Captain John Patrick's brilliantly poignant play, "The Hasty Heart." I have rarely known a play to give such audience satisfaction. I have met only two persons who did not like it. And yet the play failed to reach its full audience. Why? Because it was impossible to tell the story of the play without revealing the fact that it was about a dying soldier. The play itself did not stress death. It had a "happy ending" because its final curtain saw this doomed young Scot for the first time in his life surrounded by friends, and content. It was a gay evening in the theatre because the play was told in the human and amusing terms of army hospital life.

But, knowing that it was about a dying boy, many of those who would have enjoyed it were afraid to see it. Many of them had sons or friends in the war. Here was something that might have happened to someone they loved. They did not want to contemplate it. They were the losers, because, in my opinion, they missed one of the really fine plays of recent seasons.

It will not be long now until America is back on a peacetime basis. Emotions will return to old channels. Then the war itself and all its segments will become dramatic material in perspective. Playwrights themselves will have a chance once more to organize these emotions in their audiences. And, knowing that, they will turn their minds to these things and we will have war plays—truly great war plays—and audiences ready to appreciate their greatness. Remember "Journey's End" and "What Price Glory!" were both written after the last war, not while it was on.

My only fear is that when that day comes and the curtain rises on the great war play, some absent-minded scientist, arriving late and hurrying to his seat, will toss off his overcoat in a great rush and out of one of his pockets will drop the latest atomic bomb and blow us all right back to Beaumont and Fletcher.

RUSSEL CROUSE.



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Telegraph Hill

LAUGHTER ON THE HILL. A San Francisco Interlude. By Margaret Parton. New York: Whittlesey House. 1945. 245 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

THE hill of the title is Telegraph Hill and the laughter comes from Margaret Parton's gambols among the screw-balls who inhabit that San Francisco version of Greenwich Village and its ideological suburb, Carmel. Miss Parton's autobiographical sketch of the two years she spent in these slightly mad surroundings also serves as a catch-all for anecdotes by and about her father, Lemuel Parton, former city editor of the *San Francisco Bulletin,* as well as for miscellaneous reflections of her own upon California's culture, job-hunting in the West, San Francisco newspapers, Fremont Older, Tom Mooney, and the effects of too perfect a climate.

The whole is a modern ragout with not too much meat but with enough bizarre herbs to make a piquant dish. For nourishment there is Lemuel Parton's excellent advice, herewith recommended to all cub reporters, on how to hold a beginner's job on a newspaper. For spice there are "barflies and lotus-eaters," some "ancient in light-hearted depravity." One of them remarks sagely that "after all, a bathroom isn't a place to be *too* amusing in." This is the same girl who says, "people keep telling me about right and wrong, but I just can't seem to see it." She goes in for modern dancing and a casual collection of sleeping partners. Another actor in the piece dissipates most of his substance in alimonies, addresses Margaret Parton, his secretary, as "Dear Heart," orders yellow silk robes from Sulka (canary, not mustard yellow), and fancies himself a playwright. Still another doesn't approve of lakes or cut flowers and doesn't believe in God, goodness, or humanity. There are dozens more: ballet dancers, writers for percussion instruments, Norwegian-navvies, poets, artists, soldiers, sailors, newspaper people.

When these irresponsibles throw a party, as they frequently do, anything may happen and usually does. Sometimes their antics are pretty funny; sometimes they lay eggs that are hard-boiled and not quite fresh. The immaturity of this *vie de Bohème* is underscored by the author's constant references to "Dad" and his stories. And the book itself, with its assumption of sophistication, its gaiety and forced brightness, has both the qualities and defects of youth.

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Thirteenth-Century Picture Book

THE BLACK ROSE. By Thomas B. Costain. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1945. 403 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

"BY St. Frideswide," this *is* an entertaining yarn! What more can the reviewer say? That it has nothing to do with literature? Or, for that matter, with history, no matter how broadly you interpret the term? Or that Mr. Costain's thirteenth-century characters, faithful to the period as they may be in their furniture, their clothes, and even their manner of speech, think and feel at times like their eleventh-century ancestors, and like their eighteenth-century descendants at others? Or that the villainy of his villains as well as the chivalrous virtuouosness of his heroes shame the dream world of our romantic funnies? By any such comment the reviewer would only make a fool of himself.

Walter of Gurnie, then, handsome bastard of the Earl of Lessford, is hopelessly in love with Lady Engaine, beautiful daughter of the noble lord of Tressling. The stigma of his birth weighs heavily on the scholarly young man. Yet, had it not been for the Crusade, the earl would have married Walter's mother despite her inferior Saxon blood and the poverty to which Norman rule had reduced her family. As it is, he has returned with a Norman wife from the Holy Sepulchre. Three but loosely connected events, following one another, change the life of his grown-up bastard: Walter meets Roger Bacon, gets himself into trouble at Oxford, and, upon his father's death, cannot help speaking out his mind. To break the camel's back, proud Engaine turns him down. So "Away to Cathay! Away! Away!"

Unlike most of the many story-tellers who have led their listeners to the marvels of the medieval East, Mr. Costain recounts nothing of the adventures of his hero at sea. Off he goes, his father's clandestine legacy in gold in his pocket, and we meet him only in Antioch again, trying to make his travel arrangements. Anthemus, a Greek merchant, comes in handy; he is about to dispatch a caravan to Kubla Khan, including an eighty-piece harem whose most precious item is—the scoundrel!—no other than Maryam, his own half-sister, otherwise known as the Black Rose. Walter and Tristram, his gallant and strong-willed friend and companion, manage to join the expedition. Soon they meet Bayan of the Hundred Eyes, the great Mongol general, on the eve of concluding his conquest of Asia.

How Walter subsequently is separated from Maryam and Tristram, and how reunited with them in Kinsai, the Clestial City—this is an adventurous tale in itself. But reunited they are. Under the spell of an ancient prophesy, the Dowager Empress of China lavishes all favors upon the two Western strangers. They no longer compete for Black Rose's love—if indeed their highmindedness and chastity have ever allowed of such competition. To rescue the maiden from certain death through her brother's vengeance (for Anthemus's arm is long), Walter marries her through the help of a semi-heretical Christian priest.

But not for love alone has Walter of Gurnie come to Kinsai. His task is to save the fabulous city from the Mongols' fury, and to convince the Great Interior Palace of the futility of any resistance. In that he succeeds only after he has left the Abode of Everlasting Felicity in a hazardous flight. Black Rose disappears. Only now does the young husband know how much he loves her.

The narrator spares us most of the tale of how the two Englishmen find their way back to England; the seven seas, as said before, occupy little space in this romance of travel. Be that as it may, here they are, their bags filled with wondrous presents. Engaine loses no time in trying to win back her former suitor, rich and famous and world-wise now and as good and as gentle as ever. But Walter has not forgotten his Oriental rose. And while we watch the mounting success of our faultless hero in England, the awakening in him of an enlightened sense of social justice, and his rise to well-deserved knighthood, we also find Maryam again. As good King Edward's *reine chérie* who "is all for the union of loving hearts," the reader will be pleased, even if it be against his own judgment. Mr. Costain has painted a picture book all his own. As such you are free to enjoy it, and by no means unlikely to have a whale of a time. But highbrows better keep out.

—*Chidnoff*

Thomas B. Costain's romantic story is not for "highbrows."

These Pure Arches

A Painting by Chirico Called "The Delights of the Poet"

By May Sarton

HERE space, time, peace are given a habitation,
Perspective of pillar and arch, shadow on light,
A luminous evening where it can never be night.
This is the pure splendor of imagination.

To hold eternally present and forever still
The always fugitive, to make the essence clear;
Compose time and the moment as shadow in a square,
As these pure arches have been composed by will.

As by a kind of absence, feat of super-session,
We can evoke a face long lost, long lost in death,
Or those hidden now in the wilderness of oppression—
Know the immortal breath upon the mortal breath.

A leaping out of the body to think, the sense
Of absence that precedes the stern work of creation;
Now when the future depends on our imagination,
Remember these pure arches and their imminence—

The luminous scene where space and time are held
At peace forever: all lives will be in peril,
The love be wasted and the forms of peace be sterile
Unless the mandates of imagination are fulfilled.

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The Growing Strength of C. Day Lewis

SHORT IS THE TIME. By C. Day Lewis. New York: Oxford University Press. 1945. 98 *pp.* $2.25.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

Symbols of gross experience!—our grief
Flowed, like a sacred river, underground:
Desire bred fierce abstractions on the mind,
Then like an eagle soared beyond belief.
Often we tried our breast against the thorn,
Our paces on the turf: whither we flew,
Why we should agonize, we hardly knew—
Nor what ached in us, asking to be born.

HOW many years ago was it that W. H. Auden, Stephen Spender, and Cecil Day Lewis were the three young white hopes of England in poetry? Not many, I dare say. The world has changed terribly swiftly since then. Auden has settled more and more into a religious faith; Spender, deracinated by the war, has seemed to me to become more and more uneven in performance. There was in the beginning something sturdy about C. Day Lewis which has persisted. Insofar as I could see it from over here, he seemed to me the one of the three most in earnest really to get to grips with his time. He espoused Communism, perhaps he still does. But that is not exactly what I mean.

He is an Irish poet, nearer to the earth than the others, perhaps nearer to reality; at any rate, seemingly of tougher fibre. He has worked out of that "private language of personal friends" that it was quite natural for young men and young artists to practise for awhile, in what they conceived to be the dead end of an age. It was anything but the dead end of an age; even though T. S. Eliot thought so! It was but a beginning of the most tremendous age any new generation has been called upon to live through. We older ones thought, some of us, to escape it. Today we are actually confronted by the atomic bomb prophesied by H. G. Wells!

The ruins of the world today so far surpass the ruin left by the last war as to make that seem by comparison minor. The terrible potentiality of the future is with us in a stride. Mankind is either on the eve of a new epoch when the pattern of living must be drastically redefined, or faces annihilation by his own ingenuity. But I am inclined to think, at my age, that we will somehow steer a course between extremes. Mr. Lewis's poetry has grown up with the time. "Obstreperous joy," or obstreperous pain, for that matter, are not here. There is stoicism; there is a certain amount of disillusionment; literary influences are not so apparent; literary craftsmanship shows various accomplished manifestations. But this is not the poetry that chiefly plays with words; this is poetry rooted in vital experience. And what Mr. Lewis says is not too difficult to understand. In "The Nabara,"

C. Day Lewis "has much to say to his own time."

founded on G. L. Steers's "The Tree of Gernika," he has written one of the really heroic sagas of the war: the story of the Basque trawlers against a German cruiser helping Franco's rebels. "Freedom is more than a word." In "Sex-Crime" he has written a poem about our human complicity in the horrors of our time, a poem that trenches deeply into the mind. In the argument concerning what is art, he believes in speaking out; and tells us how the politicians pray for silence. But

When madmen play the piper
And knaves call the tune,
Honesty's a right passion—
She must call to her own.
Let yours be the start and stir
Of a flooding indignation
That channels the dry heart deeper
And sings through the dry bone.

He has learned from Yeats the manner of saying that; but he is speaking for himself. Being Irish, he can sing a song too, he can set his verse to a jig or a hornpipe. His love poems have fire, and he has a fine ironic poem on France.

Considering his more sombre poems, I have read nothing as good about the mood of England under intensive bombing as his "Ode to Fear"; and his 'Watching Post," of five years past, is very real. So is "The Stand-To":

Destiny, History, Duty, Fortitude, Honor—all
The words of the politicians seem too big or too small
For the ragtag fighters of lane and shadow, the love that has grown
Familiar as working-clothes, faithful as bone to bone.

Even though he says laconically in answer to the question, "Where are the War Poets?"

It is the logic of our times,
No subject for immortal verse—
That we who lived by honest dreams
Defend the bad against the worse.

I am glad he put in the book these poems of his own experience in the war. He has thought much on death. I think the last poem in the series called "Overtures to Death" expresses part of such underlying thinking as recently brought in the Labor Government in England by a perfect landslide. A verse:

They came to us with charity,
They came to us with whips,
They came with chains behind their back
And freedom on their lips—

He can think of love being a cripple, faith a bedtime story (his own words), peace walking on knives, and a world in which want alone still thrives; but the sestet of that sonnet speaks of a world I can believe in, that I believe is in the making:

Then shall the mounting stages of oppression
Like mazed and makeshift scaffolding torn down
Reveal his unexampled, best creation—
The shape of man's necessity full-grown.
Built from their bone, I see a power-house stand
To warm men's hearts again and light the land.

Yes, C. Day Lewis still has much to say to his own time.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Clara Peggotty, in "David Copperfield," by Charles Dickens. 2. Jim Hanvey, in many stories by Octavus Roy Cohen. 3. Falstaff, in "Henry IV," by William Shakespeare. 4. St. Nicholas, in "A Visit from St. Nicholas," by Clement Moore. 5. Nero Wolfe, in many stories by Rex Stout. 6. Bettina Hugenine, in "Chad Hanna," by Walter Edmonds. 7. Mr. Pyecraft, in "The Truth about Pyecraft," by H. G. Wells. 8. Dr. Gideon Fell, in many stories by John Dickson Carr. 9. Joe, the Fat Boy, in "Pickwick Papers," by Charles Dickens. 10. Elizabeth Rousset, in "Boule de Suif," by Guy de Maupassant.

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Fits and Misfits in A Democracy

FREEDOM'S PEOPLE. By Bonaro W. Overstreet. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1945. 116 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM S. LYNCH

THERE is an important element missing in most books whose titles include the words democracy or freedom. Dealing exclusively in abstractions or in problems so broad they become remote, they give the reader few clues to the concrete everyday ways of personal behavior through which the ideal can become a reality. By now, anyone who is the least bit literate or who has any shred of intelligence knows that anti-semitism is despicable, that fascism is contemptible, that social and economic jungle warfare is antediluvian. Consequently most of the polemical writers on our side leave us with the feeling that they are beating dead horses. This is not to deny them the worth of arsenals, places from which their readers-teachers, preachers, civic leaders can draw the latest intellectual armament with which to fight the good fight. But if you read many of them you begin to get impatient with a kind of moral flagwaving not too different from the mother-love rhetoric of political campaigns.

Mrs. Overstreet, on the other hand, deserves credit for trying to translate the basic liberal tenets to which any decent human being must subscribe into workable everyday guides to social behavior. She subtitles her little volume "How We Qualify for a Democratic Society" and says of it, "This book is about the daily habits and behaviors of those people who can feel at home in a free society, and of those who cannot—those who, in spite of all their democratic professions, remain unintentional misfits in a democracy." It is no reflection against her or her book to say that the ideas in it are derivative. Her psychological observations are grounded in the documented studies of scientists who have begun to probe the inner recesses of personality where lurk the terrors of our insecurities. The principles of individual conduct which she enunciates are not novel. On their level, they are as obvious as Emily Post's on hers. Yet, like Emily's, they are more honored in the breach than in the observance. Hence the value of this book is that it is a gentle reminder to most of us that we are not released from any responsibilities as democratic persons simply by applauding politely the copybook slogans of professional liberals.

"In a fretful, frightened age" everyday behavior and political behavior are closely bound together in a psychological logic. Action "in the small" is as important as action "in the large." That is the general thesis expounded here. Turning this into concrete instance, Mrs. Overstreet dwells on the Jeffersonian and aristocratic sense of quality which is the complementary aim of equality. Pushing this further she outlines a code for the democratic aristocrat who sees that a wholesome society must be whole and that the relationship between man and man "declared in a free society's foundation documents and statutes must be reiterated in the millionfold daily behaviors of its people." This calls for a recognition of the many small timidities to which we all are heir and a determination to conquer and to take advantage of them in others no sooner than we would step wantonly on the boss's toes. All this is discussed in a highly particularized manner—which is as it should be.

However much we may admire the intent of the book, and with every word in it one can only be in hearty agreement, it is unfortunate that its tone has a little of that irritating quality found too often in secular sermons, the discovery of the obvious and the everlasting anecdote of the woman met in Texas or the young man in Central Park. There is more than a suggestion of the kind of thing the Town Hall set admires too much, a smug sense of righteousness and a colorless lack of real anger or even playfulness. The technique is too studied, the aphorisms are too neat, and the anecdotes too pat. The subject with which this book deals is important and pressing. It needs to be handled in many manners. The inspirational address to parent-teachers is only one.

The Course-of-True-Love in Rome

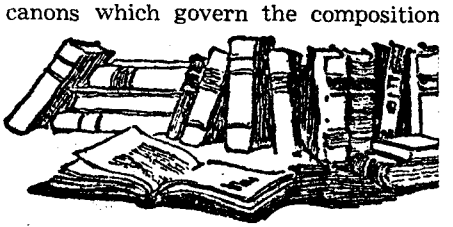
THE FATES ARE LAUGHING. By N. P. Crozier. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1945. 377 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON

THE late Mr. Crozier was for many years editor of one of the world's greatest newspapers, *The Manchester Guardian*, which takes brains. He was the author of a book called "The Letters of Pontius Pilate," which seems to have created a genuine stir some time ago. And in addition he seems to have been a classical scholar of distinction and an adept in Roman history. But if we are to judge him by "The Fates Are Laughing," he did not have the strange qualities which go to make up a novelist.

His rather thin course-of-true-love story pursues its path through the reigns of Tiberius and Caligula. The puppets which have been unfavorably noticed elsewhere, "are pushed around by the plot. They do not push the plot around." The plot itself is a standard model much in favor with the pulps. It should be said that an occasional surprise is managed with a certain adroitness. The style is easy but not brilliant. And the reviewer was so dull as not to discover much of the "delicious ironic humor" mentioned on the jacket.

The reviewer could not compile the canons which govern the composition



of historical novels. But at any rate the characters ought to be more than "chessmen and chesswomen" moved from square to square on a surface of variegated antique marble. It seems to me that Mr. Crozier was really more interested in the board than in the pieces, in the period rather than the persons of his story. And it is accordingly not surprising that the little figures labelled hero, heroine, villain, tyrant, great lady, literary but incompetent father, etc., as the case may be, should not carry their full quota of conviction to the mind.

Mr. Crozier, it is only fair to say, knew his period and was fascinated by analogies between Imperial Rome and Imperial Britain. Many of them have been noticed before, but they are public property, and a new twist can often be contrived. Kipling liked to point out possible resemblances between a Roman centurion on Hadrian's wall and an English subaltern on the Baluchi frontier. Mr. Crozier, far more familiar with the necessary history and literature than Kipling, cannot make his point so well, though his final irony has its merits. Successful virtue, after the death of Caligula, looks hopefully forward to the conquest of Britain and long centuries of triumph, when in reality decadence is just around the corner. That is why the fates are laughing. It is to be hoped they weep for pity that a man of evident abilities should have spent long years on a mediocre romance, when he should have been hard at work on an historical study, for which his powers were entirely sufficient. It would have been a pleasure to review that book.

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Supplement One

THE American Language

H. L. MENCKEN

THE current edition of *The American Language* was published in 1936. It is that rarest of literary accomplishments, a work that, while thoroughly scientific as a treatise, is at the same time an extremely diverting piece of reading. Since then Mr. Mencken has been accumulating new material on the subject, and the present volume is the result.

The sources of the new material are rich and widespread. Mr. Mencken has consulted everything printed about the American language in the United States, Great Britain, and the British colonies in recent years, and before the war he also received all the discussions of the subject from the other countries of Europe and from Japan. He has had several thousand letters from readers, some of them embodying corrections and suggestions.

All of this material has been worked into the *Supplement*, which is an independent work and may be read without reference to its predecessor.

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THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE IS NO SANCTUARY

(Continued from page 6)

original environment as soon as they begin to count. Could there be any better proof of the role the subconscious plays in the everyday scenes of the immigrant's linguistic drama?

Now it is necessary to ask how many writers ventured to create in another language than their native tongue before this mass migration of European writers took place. Excluding those cases which actually are "border cases" in a geographical or cultural sense—for instance, writers born in Alsace (René Schickele), or the Rumanian Istrati and the Polish Jean Malaquais, both of whom chose French as the "language of their environment"—we find few successful examples.

Louis Adamic, born in Yugoslavia, came to this country at the age of fourteen. Ludwig Bemelmans, whose cradle was in the Tyrol, was fifteen years old when the New World opened its gates to him. Lin Yutang, born in Changchow, in the Fukien Province of China, studied in Shanghai and Germany, but took early to writing in English. Literary history registers only one such attempt that led to unique greatness and achievement: Joseph Conrad, born at Berdyczew in Russian Poland.

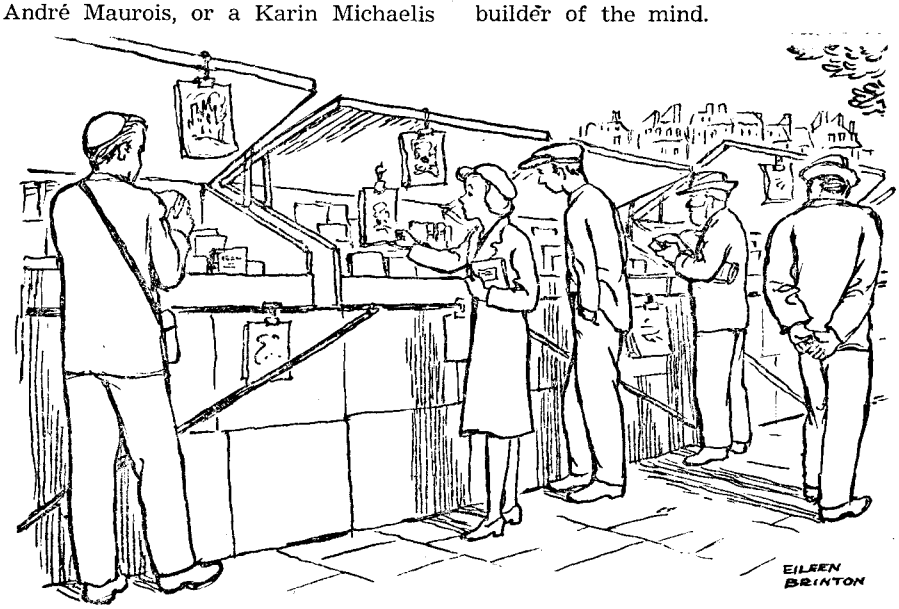
These gleanings are neither discouraging nor do they lend themselves to any positive conclusion. They merely suggest that, under certain circumstances, the writer's growth into another than his native language is possible, assuming that the gift of writing is an innate quality, an urge which must find its vent. Undoubtedly, those who are already advanced in their twenties or even thirties face great labor and must prove the flexibility of their minds.

There is no plausible reason why a Jules Romains or Sigrid Undset, an André Maurois, or a Karin Michaelis should not return to Europe; they will follow their inner voices and the call of their people. And the world can only gain by their return to their home countries where they may spread the spirit of democratic ideals.

It will be different with the German exiles. Their own people turned against them. Will they be able to forget German concentration camps, the sight of burning books, and the killing of their comrades? This is only one side of their many-sided problem. Will they ever find contact with their people again? For more than a decade the poison of Nazism has been spread and has completely distorted the German mind which so readily accepted the doctrine of hatred and Teutonic lies. Could this mind ever want the return of those writers whose names are engraved in their memory as traitors to the German cause? Or will the Allies ask for their help in the reëducation of the Germans?

These questions could be continued, but hardly answered. Much will depend upon the reconstruction of Europe and the part Germany will play in it. For the older generation of writers and for those of international stature, such as Thomas Mann and Franz Werfel, this problem will be of secondary importance. Yet a great percentage of the younger generation will wish to stay in this country.

And for them the problem of the language looms darkly. Citizenship papers and the affinity for the English language may be necessary prerequisites with which to enter the school of Anglo-Saxon thinking. Yet they will discover that language does not consist of vocabulary and syntax alone; they will learn the hard way that it is the reflection of environment and the builder of the mind.



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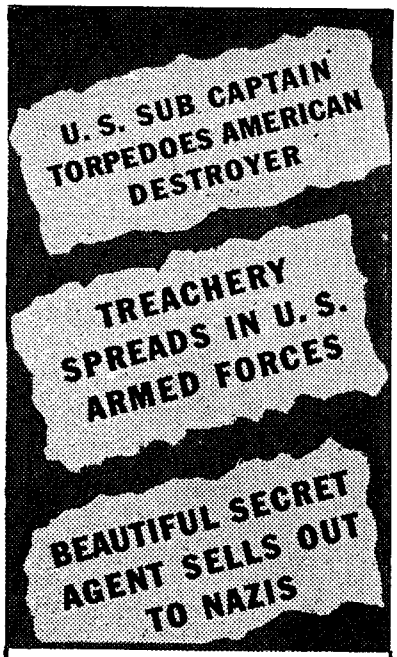
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Hardship and Heartbreak in New France

HERITAGE OF THE RIVER. By Muriel Elwood. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1945. 310 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

FOR the French colonists who in the late 1600's settled on the banks of the St. Lawrence, life was neither easy nor placid. It was an almost unremitting struggle with cold and privation and, worst of all, the hostile Indian tribes who periodically attacked and ravaged the brave little settlements clinging so precariously to their foothold in the vast wilderness which was at that time New France. For seven months of the year the settlers of the small town of Montreal worked desperately to plant and reap enough to support them during the five months when the black winter shut down and all communication with the outside world was cut off. The breaking of the ice each spring gave them a new lease on life, for with the arrival of supplies from France, ships which brought news of the court at Versailles, gossip and rumor and fact and perhaps a new emigrant or so, life took on a brief gaiety and homespun glitter.

The Seigneurs of Montreal, playing host to the French gallants and ladies who occasionally visited the Colonies, held their provincial court—a humble imitation of the elegance of Versailles, but intoxicating enough to the twins Paul and Marguerite Boissart, members of the leading *habitant* family of the Seigneury of Jean-Baptiste de Courville. Paul and Marguerite are the principle characters in Miss Elwood's story of adventure, hardship, and heartbreak, set against a background of colorful and exciting history. The author is thoroughly grounded in the period of which she writes, and if the people themselves are to a certain extent puppets shifted about for the exigencies of the plot, the reader is gripped and held by the swift action and suspense, the re-creation of a robust and violent era.

It is drama par excellence, with bloodshed, seduction, Indian captivity with all the horrific details of torture at the hands of the savages, treachery and intrigue and corruption in Colonial policies, life in the "court" at Quebec, and through it all the recurrent clashes with the English, that growing war which was to continue for at least another century. Miss Elwood makes this history come alive again, and her book is a rousing good story, full of color and authentic atmosphere and decidedly harrowing in its author's apparent relish for recounting the bloodcurdling details of the Indian massacres. Marguerite's captivity and her eventual escape from the Indian camp is a recital guaranteed to make the reader, snug in his easy chair, glance apprehensively around him and jump at the snap of a twig outside the window.

She Who Gets Slapped

THERE WAS A LADY. By Sarah Litsey. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1945. 253 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

CAMMY RENSHAW never becomes a lost lady, although her conduct eventually brings down upon her a small town's ostracism that erases all gratitude for her past graciousness and kindnesses. Cammy comes to a small Kentucky town as "housekeeper" for a tobacco agent, both of them mysterious and baffling to the curious natives, but too charming and likable to arouse serious social disapproval. Through her intelligence and charity Cammy awakens the sleepy town to philanthropies and expansive civic enterprise, and she fights successfully the feudal snobberies and class distinctions of the South of a generation ago. But her past remains teasingly opaque. Not until the end of the novel does the reader know (and the censorious fellow-townsmen never know) the unselfish reasons for her loyalty to Mr. Boone, her frustrated career, her long refusal to marry the man she loves. Although Cammy, like our next-door neighbor, is sometimes incomprehensible, we are convinced of the graciousness and beauty of this first-rate pianist forced by circumstance and her unkindness-phobia to become a music teacher in a tenth-rate town.

The novelist is most successful when her touch is light—in the gay reporting of the absurdities of costume and taboo of a generation ago, in her slightly comic portraits of the Very First Families, in droll accounts of village recitals, chautauquas, and the Bach Circle. Skilfully suggested, too, is the feel of the South—its attitudes and decorums as well as its temperature and languor. In her serious passages, however, Miss Litsey engages somewhat heavily in fine writing, and does not completely shun the melodramatic.

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Jungle Diary

GUERRILLA WIFE. By Louise Reid Spencer. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 1945. 209 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by ROBERT OKIN

IN a quiet, matter-of-fact narrative, the wife of an American mining engineer in the Philippines recounts the almost incredible tale of twenty-seven months in the jungle of Panay until her escape by submarine just in time to have her baby. Hiding, fleeing from the Japanese, making long barefoot hikes through the jungles, fighting cockroaches, snakes, rats, insects, leeches, disease, and hunger, Mrs. Spencer and a group of fellow American missionaries and mining executives somehow survived. Others did not. Friends and companions of Mrs. Spencer and her husband, a member of the Philippine guerrillas, were brutally murdered by Japanese soldiers shortly after the Spencers left the immediate area.

It is a remarkable tale of fortitude and hope made even more touching by the total lack of any attempt to write literature. It is fully of homely detail and, understandably, Mrs. Stevens seems to remember the details of almost every meal they ate, whether it was just rice or a feast of native turkey. She also finds occasions to picture the good humor and sportsmanship of the men and women who survived this life of hunted animals, to record moments of beauty and tenderness, to note in passing a story of man's humanity to man not only in the kindness of Filipinos but in the decency of the refugees themselves. Nowhere, in fact, does Mrs. Spencer find a harsh word for anyone and nowhere is there anything but the most modest and unselfconscious mention of her own role as good-humored friend, wife, nurse, and companion in this difficult adventure.

Her account of their rescue by submarine is a thrilling story in itself and her record of bravery and hope is one that no American can read without pride.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 595)

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Plot and Counterplot in the World

AMERICA: PARTNER IN WORLD RULE. By William Henry Chamberlin. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1945. *Index,* 318 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by FREDERICK GRUIN

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN calls himself an "old-fashioned liberal." Long ago, during his years as *Christian Science Monitor* correspondent in Moscow (1922-34), he was disillusioned by the great Communist Experiment. He will never believe, he once said, that "the welfare of the masses is somehow advanced by the regime of the censorship, the firing squad and the concentration camp." In this provocative, discursive, and oracular study of the "consequences" of World War II, he is more than ever certain that "Power, uncontrolled, absolute Power, that monstrous idol to our age, that can send individuals and groups and whole classes to exile, concentration camp, and execution—that Power is Hell."

From this emotional and ideological springboard, Mr. Chamberlin plunges into an examination of our power-ridden times. His findings are unhappy and grim-lipped, as grey as Spengler, as implacable in their way as Winston Churchill's pre-war denunciation of Nazism or the elder Cato's cry for the liquidation of Carthage. In building up to a proposed foreign policy for the United States, Mr. Chamberlin treats of many things, but the core of this book is his well-known, diehard hostility to Russian totalitarianism. He can never get far from the Soviet menace. He always comes back to it. By his lights, it is the insistent, overwhelming peril confronting all mankind.

Holding such a view, Mr. Chamberlin is hardly cheered by the United Nations' "victory" over Nazi Germany. The No. 1 consequence of World War II is the smashing of the Axis dream of world hegemony. He rather hurries over that transcendent fact. The nine other "consequences," as he sees them, are meat for his analysis: the division of the globe into spheres of influence; the sharpening of inequalities in wealth and power; the creation of power vacuums in the West and the East; the decline of the small nations; the withering of Europe; the extension of state controls over economic life; the breeding of violent revolutions; the establishment of a costly armed peace; the reshaping of Europe in flagrant violation of the Atlantic Charter's pledge of self-determination for all peoples.

> Here is a war that is supposedly being fought against totalitarianism. [is Mr. Chamberlin's gloomy comment] but it has made the first of the totalitarian states, the Soviet Union, the strongest land power in Europe and in Asia. It has extended the realm of totalitarianism to include large areas of Eastern and probably Central Europe and, in all likelihood, much of East Asia. . . . A war that began on the dizzy heights of a perhaps exaggerated idealism is ending in a morass of the crudest and most cynical power politics.

The note of bitter pessimism, the snarl against old devil Stalin (of whom Lenin said: "I am not sure that he always knows how to use . . . power with sufficient discretion") beat through Mr. Chamberlin's study of the prospects for Britain, Russia, and the United States and for Big Three relations.

In his opinion, the English are fearful of an economic squeeze by the United States, of a political squeeze by the Soviet Union. They are committed to a program of far-reaching state insurance and enterprise. They have mortgaged their economy, are in debt to their Empire. Their future seems bleak. For the Russians, on the other hand, big days lie ahead. The Kremlin, it is clear, will snap up practically everything territorial that Czarist Russia ever held and, in addition, will string Soviet borders in

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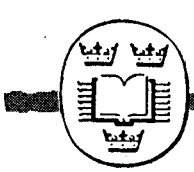

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Europe and Asia with friendly puppet states.

How to curb the appetite of "the Russian colossus"? The key, of course, is the United States. If Franklin Roosevelt had been firmer at Teheran, he would not have "lost" the peace. "American foreign policy is seriously to blame for passively accepting the backward slide into power politics." There is "no evidence of any public forthright rebuke to Stalin for his . . . cynical disregard of . . . the Atlantic Charter."

Mr. Chamberlin continues: "There were several occasions when American material power could and should have been thrown behind the clear moral issue of upholding for Poland the elementary rights of freedom and self-determination. . . . The balance sheet of an appeasement policy is always in the red. . . . One-sided appeasement . . . is a constant invitation to new aggression." Yalta was infamous—it sold Europe down the river to Stalin. "The conference of Munich, to which Yalta bears a striking similarity, was [also] at first widely hailed as a great triumph for peace and international understanding." The "Atlantic Charter has been sunk in the Black Sea."

With such woeful shakings of the head, Mr. Chamberlin arrives at his conclusion: "We owe it to ourselves and to world civilization to make every effort to help fill, with a democratic and libertarian content, the moral, political, and economic vacuum that has been created in Europe." He proposes an eight-point U. S. policy. It must be positive and dynamic. It must stand firmly for self-determination and self-rule. It should support regional federations within the world frame, limit arms, promote international arbitration, liquidate imperialism, re-establish freedom of movement for men, ideas, goods, and capital. It should sponsor a return of faith in the eternal liberal values—freedom, humanity, reason.

No democrat can quarrel with Mr. Chamberlin's concern for liberal democracy. No tolerant person can fail to sympathize with his horror of brutal intolerance. Some, like Max Lerner, have audibly wondered over the "irresponsibility" of the anti-Russian school of thought. When Mr. Chamberlin implies that U. S. "material power" should have been used to prevent Russia from annexing pre-1939 Polish territories, is he advocating a war against the Soviets? Or a stoppage of lend-lease? Or what, exactly?

Perhaps these questions are unfair. But perhaps they must be asked because Mr. Chamberlin's indictment of Russian totalitarianism is so uncompromising, raises so deeply disturbing issues, is couched in such trenchant

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as well as truculent argument. If he and those who side with him are right, if the world cannot live half-communist and half-noncommunist, then Draconian measures are inevitable. But how trustworthy is Mr. Chamberlin's guidance? Is he an example of judgment warped and soured by obsession?

Though he now condemns Yalta as a "Munich," he once praised Munich, called himself a "Munichois," believed that the Allies should have helped Hitler's drive toward the East. Though he now weeps for Poland against Russia, he once thought it a mistake for Britain and France to try to save Poland from Nazi obliteration. This is all on record in Mr. Chamberlin's "Confessions of an Individualist."

Though he now wants the United States to stand up strongly against Russia, in May 1940, he wrote tartly against "warmongering," against United States' participation in the European conflict: "We are not . . . strong enough to don crusading armor and go about the world looking for aggressors to slay, trying to put every obstreperous nation in Europe and Asia in what we consider her proper place. . . . We are far too prone to see bogeymen, to think in terms of 'menace'—red, yellow, brown, black; all colors of the rainbow—which will devour us if they are not suppressed."

It's all so confusing.

For Victory

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

NOW we are challenged indeed! It is the end
of what was written indelibly and stark:
treachery, terror, assault, from the beginning
planned as world-slavery. Had Spain a friend
nine years ago, when first the angry dark
loomed of oppression, the loud-mouthed braggarts winning?

Men shrank from the brave agony of Spain,
that proving-ground of tyrants, thrusting in
to crush the people's rule Republican.
Men whitened at Munich, when the Liar again
bellowed for spoil. Did that surrender win
a moment's respite from the foes of Man?

The Austrian bastion fell; next we betrayed
the arsenal of the world, constrained to yield
the brave Czech barrier to the hurrahing sword.
More arrogance, more lies, and wrong arrayed
with armored might that took and shook the field
as over the Meuse the mighty Wehrmacht roared.

Sieg Heil! Sieg Heil! The driven refugees
clogging all roads, the Stukas screaming power,
the overwhelming long-contrived attack
bursting a broadened corridor to the seas;
Rotterdam's flaming golgotha in that hour,
From the Ardennes the Belgians beaten back.

Five years ago that wild incredible June—
The break-through to the Channel, France dispersed—
Power in the air, power that made earth tremble,
Power blasting misprision, myth of the moon,
with massive triumph, plotted from the first,
shouting to the Walküre to assemble;

and the Walküre came, winged conflagration
flared over Gaul's great rivers, the Somme, the Aisne,
the Oise, the Seine, the Marne where men had won
in our last war against the barbarous nation—
in Nazi fury now reborn insane.
England stood weaponless, and France was done . . .

Yet we regained our soul! The tyrannous gods
descend into the earth. They know their doom
knotted by the Norns who tend the Tree of Life,
as their Valhalla flames. The bundled rods,
the axe, the crooked cross fierce fires consume.
Their wish we gave them, War to the naked knife.

Their wish was given, as it was their will.
The nations rose against them one by one
from North, from East, from West and South they formed
with armor greater than armor forged to kill,
with power of earth and air in unison . . .
That fortress is fallen, and that rampart stormed.

Now it is over. And since they desired
a world in ruins—behold, their ruin stands,
though the world's youth is fallen, and our sons
gave all to which their gallant souls aspired . . .
Now we must build what is not built with hands
for a sick Earth whose naked hunger stuns . . .

And in a garden by a deep slow river
all that was mortal of him who led us long
under the young green grass and April loam
is gathered to his country's heart forever.
From the large maples a rivulet of bird-song
makes twilight lyrical in the village home.

The whispering trees are dark by Haviland Pond.
Along the Old Creek road the shadows rise
till one by one the jewels of the night
in planetary mystery—beyond
our comprehension—cluster in the skies
whither late bugle echoes took their flight

after the hills had hearkened to the guns
in long salute . . . and on the White House lawn
far down the river and across the gloom
tall elms stand sentinel, the curtains drawn.
Nevermore may the pressure of his hand
touch the wheeled chair within the dark East Room.

We are challenged by his victory! He said,
"We must go on to conquer doubt and fear,
to end War's ignorant, barbarous scourge at last!"
"If we would build Tomorrow," the deathless dead
spoke, "in today's great planning persevere,
past party or faction, holding union fast . . ."

The pen fell from the fingers, the tense breath
caught, the pain stunned—but the great mind and heart
to widening horizons high and clear
exalt our own—past the dark-ribboned wreath,
the flag-draped caisson, the fate that said depart.
In that white light we go forward without fear.

Though even now, with crawling plans and schemes,
hoped-for alliance, new mask and new disguise,
those work against us to weaken more and more
all we have fought for with our faith and dreams,
striving through boasted economic ties
to forge new weapons for some newer war.

O, armored then with more than arrogant might,
seeking the worldwide peace that he conceived,
even as we struck the manifest evil down,
to high responsibility of right
arise, great nation in whom his heart believed—
to the people's cause he cherished above renown!

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Happy But Good

SO FAR SO GOOD. By Charles Hanson Towne. New York: Julian Messner Inc. 1945. 237 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

IF it is true that the record of a happy life makes dull reading, the autobiography of Charles Hanson Towne should be far duller than it is, for this fortunate, versatile fellow has lived his nearly seventy years in the city he loves, doing work he delights in, intimate with celebrated writers and artists who to him have never ceased to be romantic. As editor of *Smart Set, The Delineator, Harper's Bazaar,* and *McClure's* he knew current American and British literature and writers in the making, and made some notable discoveries. Although he has never attained great distinction himself as poet, novelist, or columnist, he has enjoyed writing and operating as a busy catalyst in the bubbling literary and dramatic world of his day.

He knew the New York of Stephen Crane, later the Herald Square and Greenwich Village of O. Henry, and finally the publishing and theatrical nerve center of the roaring Forties, with its offices, theatres, and clubs. He writes of New York with affection and liveliness, but less satisfactorily (and sometimes gushingly) about celebrities, who seem to awe him with their fame rather than impress him with their ability. No one, however, can accuse him of literary snobbishness: he squanders pages on Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and devotes two lines to a dinner at the home of Somerset Maugham where the other guests were Wells, Bennett, and Virginia Woolf!

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 114

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer to No. 114 *will be found in the next issue.*

ABZTGB AEPFW ARPZ WPA

PZGR DM WGRQGT CRA

GRFPTY MDPG YXRA FD FWG

ADKTZ DM FXKESGFA.

—AREKGH XDYGXA

—FRNHG-FRHL.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 113

GENIUS IS ONE PER CENT INSPIRATION AND NINETY-NINE PER CENT PERSPIRATION.

—EDISON.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

CHARMING, FUN-LOVING DAMSEL, addicted to Wolfe, (not wolves), Gershwin, the drama, and interesting men, will swap ideas at the drop of a pen. Box 23-M.

TRANSLATIONS: French, Spanish, German, Italian, Russian, Chinese. Reasonable rates. Box 596-L.

WANTED: "Stupidity," Pitkin, "Reactions Organic Compounds," Hickinbottom, "Circus Dr. Lao," Finney; "Civilization," Dorsey; "Works," Fort; "Search for Truth," Bell; "Short Stories," "Seven Novels," H. G. Wells; "Wanton Venus," LeBlanc; "Short Stories," Saki. Box 7-M.

SPECIES IS FEMALE, interest is artistic, leaning is literary and enthusiasm is unbounded. Interesting gentleman would be gratifying. Box 4-M.

HIGH-TYPE BUSINESS WOMAN, college, desires offers or ideas for profitable work or enterprise conductible New York apartment. Box 3-M.

FOR SALE: Early Antique sleigh, perfect condition and usable, with complete string of sleigh bells. Mahogany case wine set, blown glass bottles, gold trimmed. Oval mahogany table, 6 ft. by 3 ft., over eighty-five years old. Elmer C. Davis, 375 Main Street, Rockland, Maine.

SUCCESSFUL young business man doing nation-wide business, wants correspondence with young girls of refined character and high interests. Box 1-M.

FOR SALE: The Comprehensive Commentary on the Holy Bible, Baptist Edition. Publisher: Fessenden & Co., Brattleboro, 1835-1836. Six leather bound volumes, fair condition. Box 28-M.

EXCEPTIONAL, newly designed stationery book, ready to manufacture for nation-wide market; likely best seller. Needs two to five thousand dollars additional financing. Ideal investment for lady. Box 29-M.

QUIET COMFORTABLE COUNTRY HOME two miles from Keene; furnished, two baths, oil heater, electrified kitchen and laundry; wide views including Monadnock —available September 15. Write, giving references, Miss Ellen Faulkner, Keene, New Hampshire.

RESEARCH SPECIALIST and writer, highly competent, desires permanent position with magazine, organization or author. Good at digging up background material and digesting into brief form. Intelligent. College. Box 32-M.

MANUSCRIPTS INTELLIGENTLY TYPED; mimeographing; superior workmanship. JENE STERN, 347 Madison Avenue, New York. MU 4-0087.

I. Q. 133. Can write. Must eat. Woman, 31. Any offers? Box 31-M.

SELL YOUR POEMS. 300 paying markets, classified according to types and needs, PLUS, "Selling Your Verse," practically a complete course. Both, $1.50, postpaid. Merle Benyon, Dept. M, 4627 Lewis Avenue, S. E., Washington 20, D. C.

WOMAN, widely experienced in editing, rewriting, research, and with forceful English style, wishes half-time work, Manhattan. Distinguished references. Box 34-M.

WANTED: English teacher in country boarding school, progressive; person of zest and creative ability wanted, not stick-in-the-mud pedant. Box 33-M.

PERSONALS

ANNOUNCEMENT

Effective September 1st, the rate for advertising in the Personals and Classified columns of *SRL* will be 15c per word—count two additional words for Box and Number. Rates for several insertions—in either department—are as follows: 26 insertions, 10c a word; 13 insertions, 12c a word; 6 insertions, 14c a word. Present contracts will be fulfilled at the old rates.

BACHELOR, discriminating, wide interests, self-reliant, optimistic, out-door lover, western-bred, would like to correspond with western miss of simple tastes and attractive personality. Box 15-M.

ATTENTION! Bachelor ARMY, NAVY, VETERANS, especially those with literary and artistic tastes who want "to forget the world and be by the world forgot" for a spell. What about helping run a dairy farm in lovely Virginia? INITIAL INVESTMENT of $500 will neither make money nor provide for families but will pay for 12 months gracious living, valuable experience and the deep peace of the country. Beautiful old place, modern conveniences; plenty of buildings suitable studios, workshops. Possibility purchasing share in estate after year's residence. Box 26-M.

YOUNG UNIVERSITY STUDENT, prone to esoteric cogitations, would correspond with internationally-minded young man. Box 24-M.

YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS printed on gummed label 500 for $1.00. Box 979-K.

FRENCH: Private Instruction resumed. Emphasis on perfection of pronunciation—Vocabulary enriched by Madame Halouze de Sainte Clere, 44 East 63 Street, N.Y.C. Telephone before 11 A. M. RHinelander 4-7351.

LITERARY CONTEST—Open to amateurs and professionals. Prizes: Long story, $25; Short story, $20; Light Essay, $15; Sketch, $15; Poem, $15; Group of Poems, $15. Send for rules or address manuscripts now to THE VILLAGER, Bronxville, New York.

TEA TREAT! Pamper your palate with the full, rich flavor of fine Darjeeling—Delicious hot or iced—$1.55 lb., postpaid. CARAVEL, 126 Maiden Lane, N. Y. C.

GENTLEMAN, not yet middle aged, welcomes correspondence with a young woman who follows the arts and likes to write letters. Box 16-M.

FOR SALE: IN THE LITTLE VILLAGE of Craftsbury Common, near the northern border of Vermont—Hearthside Inn (14 rooms). Excellently equipped with baths and lavatories; steam heat; open fires; garages; picturesque Tea Barn is connected with the house; shady lawns; lovely gardens; splendid clientele. Box 974-L.

(Continued on next page)

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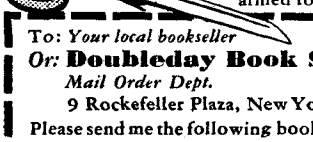

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Or: **Doubleday Book Shops,**

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9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

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(PRINT TITLES OF BOOKS WANTED).....

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Name.....

Address.....

City.....ZONE NO.....*State*.....

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PERSONALS

(*Continued from page 37*)

ATTRACTIVE HOUSE, Finney Farm, Croton-on-Hudson—5 rooms, 2 baths, available October 1. VAnderbilt 6-0094, N. Y. C.

VETERAN, eight years journalistic experience offers book mss. of how servicemen find romance overseas. Box 5-M.

YOUNG MAN, music, literature, arts, invites correspondence from contemporaries. Box 2-M.

I AM A WRITER, living in New York. I need a secretary but don't know whether I can afford one. Accuracy, intelligence, pleasant personality are more important than speed or efficiency. Box 27-M.

LIMITED EDITION CLUB BOOKS FOR SALE: "Chichikov's Journey," Gogol; Bacon's "Essays"; Steinbeck's "Grapes of Wrath"; "Poems," Longfellow; "Poems," Poe; Plato's "Republic"; Harte's "Tales of the Gold Rush"; Willkie's "One World" (autographed); Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses," "Virgil's "Aeneid"; "Mademoiselle Maupin." Perfect condition. Box 6-M.

"MERRIEBROOK," Poughquag, New York. Delightful, peaceful homestead. Tempting meals, inexpensive. North Clove 2583. Adults only.

WANTED: BOOKS, old and new, about New York City. Box 879-L.

UNLOAD YOUR SUBSCRIPTION CHORES! Send me your want-list of magazines and newspapers, new and renewal; I get all available, bill you afterwards. Institutional accounts expedited. Catalog, circular, free. JOHN CREHORE, Postbox 2329-R, Washington 13, D. C.

POETRY LOVERS may obtain free a Poetry Sampler, containing one poem by each of eight modern poets, by sending a postcard to Macmillan, 60 Fifth Avenue, New York 11.

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN seeks nice, semi or fully furnished room or share lady's apartment, Manhattan, permanent. Box 980-L.

FOR SALE: An ideal home or resort on Rio Grande River. Paved road; 18 miles from Albuquerque; surrounded by government land; exceptional romantic setting in corner of desert where the trees begin; excellent view; wonderful year around climate; extra well built, roomy, modern house; 495 acres, or less if desired. A bargain. Perry Robb, Bernalillo, New Mexico.

OFFICER'S WIFE, college graduate, with child of school age, may have winter home, with salary, if competent tutor and driver. Mrs. William M. Crane, Morning Face, Richmond, Mass.

WEEK-END SECRETARY wanted by author in Chester County, Pennsylvania (express train service from New York City). Should be rapid, accurate stenographer who can spell and punctuate faultlessly. Arrive Saturday evening, back in city early Monday morning. $10 a week and expenses. Must be personable since she will share social activities of family. Box 978-L.

EX-PRINTING EXECUTIVE seeking spare time avocational connection with small or publishing venture in or near N.Y.C. Suggestions? Box 9-M.

SEEING-EYE FOR AUTHORS. Recent editorial member large New York publishing house will guide promising talent. Cannot speculate, but partial manuscript may win contract and advance. Box 816-L.

"GREEN SHADOWS," Lyme, Connecticut, all rooms engaged until September 5.

ENJOY OLD WORLD CHARM in America's oldest city. Valencia Hotel, St. Augustine, Florida.

YOUNG THOREAU wouldst correspond with old-fashioned miss cherishing simple pleasures and beauties, professing iconoclasm. Box 30-M.

FRANCOPHILES—RECREATION and STIMULATION, congenial companions in an interesting language camp for adults and families. Box 534-L.

PERSONALS

IS THERE a gap in your shelves for a special book? Tell us about it. Box 842-L.

YOUNG MAN soon to locate in New York desires position in retail book business. Experienced, possessing cultural background, inherent "feel" for books, and attractive personality. Box 21-M.

ABLE MAN OF WORLD with turkey farm on hill would talk turkey with able young woman of sensitivity, intelligence, and charm. Box 22-M.

WANTED: Recorder, alto, tenor, or bass, (tenor preferred). Write—W. Sanders, Box 145, Wethersfield, Conn., giving condition, price.

LONELY EASTERNER welcomes feminine correspondence. Box 25-M.

TWO COLLEGE GRADUATES (female) seek transportation to California between September 21 and October 7. Will drive. Box 969-L.

WRITE FOR YOUR free copy of "On to Tokyo Edition" of my new song entitled, "Just an Unknown Soldier." A post card will do. Box 997-L.

TEACHER, MATHEMATICS; position wanted boys school near New York; MIT trained; 26 years. Box 35-M.

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HOTEL ALGONQUIN, 59 W. 44th Street, New York 18, N. Y. Half a block from Fifth Avenue. A TRANSIENT hotel for TRANSIENT visitors. Single rooms from $4.00; Double rooms from $6.00; Suites from $8.50. All with bath. Excellent restaurant. Within walking distance of better shops and theaters.

WANTED—Head of Reference Department in medium sized Library with modern methods and point of view. Located 50 miles from Boston. Opportunity for person with initiative and ability. State qualifications and salary expected. Box 902-L.

CLASSIFIED

ADVERTISING RATES for this Department are: For twenty-six insertions, 7c a word; for thirteen insertions, 8c a word; for six insertions, 9c a word; fewer insertions, 10c a word. Forms close Friday, eight days before publication date. The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

SCULPTURE

Sculpture by NICHOLAS MOCHARNIUK. Alwin Leber Shop, 11 East 8 Street, N.Y.C. 3, N. Y.

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BROWSE IN OUR FREE CATALOGS of out-of-print, scarce and rare books: We have books in many languages and subjects. We'll get that book you can't find; no extra charge postpaid. THOUSANDS of good books as near as your mailbox. Correspondence invited from collectors, students, teachers, librarians, bookworms and booklovers. H. H. Evans, Bookseller, 3319 Sacramento Street, San Francisco 18, California.

FREE BARGAIN CATALOGUES. All subjects. NATIONAL BOOKSELLERS, 1182 Broadway, N. Y. C.

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AUTHORS, ATTENTION—We are considering adding to our list of publications acceptable manuscripts of prose and poetry. MOSHER PRESS, 85 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

ORIGINAL SERMONS, SPEECHES, LECTURES, THESES, prepared—also printed sermons, addresses. Criticism, rewriting, ghostwriting of book-length manuscripts, short stories. Fiction Courses. Free circulars. CONTINENTAL WRITERS' AND SPEAKERS' BUREAU, 210 Fifth Avenue, Dept. SR, New York.

ELEANOR KING, literary agent, books, stories, novels, plays, screen, all languages, marketed; manuscripts typed, 19 West 44, New York 18.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING: INTELLIGENT, prompt, inexpensive. Ambassador Office Service, 17 East 48 St., N. Y. C. WI 2-1127.

LAURENCE ROBERTS, Literary Agent. Stories, novels, articles, books, marketed, criticized, revised. Our writers sell. 33 West 42nd Street, New York 18, N. Y.

DOROTHY MACKENZIE, Literary Agent, successor to Mathilde Weil. Manuscripts criticized and marketed. Send for circular. 535 Geary Street, San Francisco.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED, reasonable, accurate, prompt. Aimee Porter, 1150 Partridge Ave., Beloit, Wis.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING: Accurate, prompt, inexpensive. Winey Landis, 1365 Kennedy Street, NW, Washington, D. C.

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BACK NUMBER MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS. Established 1889. Abraham's Magazine Service, 56 East 13th Street, N. Y.

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The Crostics Club

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

IT is commonly said that those who disapprove of individual radio programs rarely take the trouble to write in their objections. They simply turn off their radios and the program committees are none the wiser thereby. Assuming a parallel situation, I herewith promise to follow hereafter "the straight and narrow path" in your DCs and to forswear unkeyed words, Negro or any other dialects, and all such "abominations." For such they are if I am to take literally the say-so of the majority who wrote me on the subject, either voluntarily or at my request. DCers who like innovations, you who really started me on the downward path, have had your "little day" and if you have gained wisdom thereby, as I hope I have, you will "forever after hold your peace." When emphatic convictions come from such loyal experts as George Boissart, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lyman, and Professor Elizabeth Manwaring of the English Dept. of Wellesley, something must be wrong at this end. (Professor Manwaring is addicted to those perplexities sent out by some English publications!) Others who wrote supporting this point of view are Mrs. Annabel F. Tupper, Whittier, Calif., Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Carroll, Mission Beach, Calif., Cecil D. Carnes, Los Angeles, Grete B. Millikan, Pasadena, Mrs. C. L. Gilbert, Rochester, N. Y., Lillian A. McAllester, Westminster, Mass., Mrs. P. E. Browning, New Haven, Mrs. H. G. Oliphant, Southport, Conn., Elizabeth Wood, Philadelphia, Edythe L. Miller, New York, A. Miller, postmarked Portland, Ore., and Edward W. Weiler, New York City. On the other hand: Mrs. Anne de Tepla, New York, "Quite a nice idea. Perhaps you will from time to time repeat this in not numbering a line"; W. S. Hunn, New Haven (eighty-seven years old), "Believe me, that string of dots on the C line did not make it any easier, but I did it without the aid of reference books. I must admit that the rhythmic swing in the text was quite a help after I had digested the jelly and jam"; Mrs. T. W. Todd, Palo Alto, "I rather enjoyed the extra handicap. It gives a little extra zip to get a puzzle in spite of hurdles to leap"; Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Dais, San Francisco, "I congratulate you. Do it again. It's lots of fun. Mrs. Davis and I get a great kick out of working the DC's together"; Mrs. F. S. Williams, Stafford Springs, Conn., worked around it and says it made no difference; C. G., Chicago, "typed the individual letters on squares of paper and then pushed them around until they coagulated. This wasn't easy." Mrs. R. R. McPeek, Charlotte, Mich., "I spelled *A* with a g and all I got was gelly, which led me far afield from old Aunt Mary's jelly! But I got back! Gee whillikens! What a trip. Thanks for a lovely evening."

DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 596

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 33 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Character in "Love's Labour's Lost."

B. Eye sockets.

C. Noisy; loud.

D. A lord of Tyre in "Pericles."

E. Description of a region; also a tour.

F. English historical painter (1786-1846; sonnets to him by both Keats and Wordsworth).

G. English diplomat and poet (1568-1639; friend of Donne and Izaak Walton).

H. Coarse, ribbed woolen cloth made in England as early as 13th cent.

I. Partial repetitions of a word or phrase (Rhet.; as in "He read the readings").

J. Introduced or escorted.

K. Trumpeters of the deep (Gr. Myth.)

L. Elegance (of style); internal harmony.

M. A drink of ale spiced or mixed with spirits (2 wds.)

N. A scarflike shawl worn by women (Philippines and Dutch East Indies).

O. Hidden; secret.

P. Catalan sweetheart of Edmond Dantès ("Count of Monte Cristo").

Q. Eery; weird.

R. Duchess of Gloucester in "Henry VI, Pt. 2."

S. Irish historian and essayist (1838-1903; "History of England in the Eighteenth Century"; 8 vols.)

T. Daughter of Job, born after the restoration of his prosperity (Bib.)

U. Character in "As You Like It."

V. Grown in, or fit for, a garden.

W. An order to the steersman to keep the vessel close to the wind (Naut.; 2 wds.)

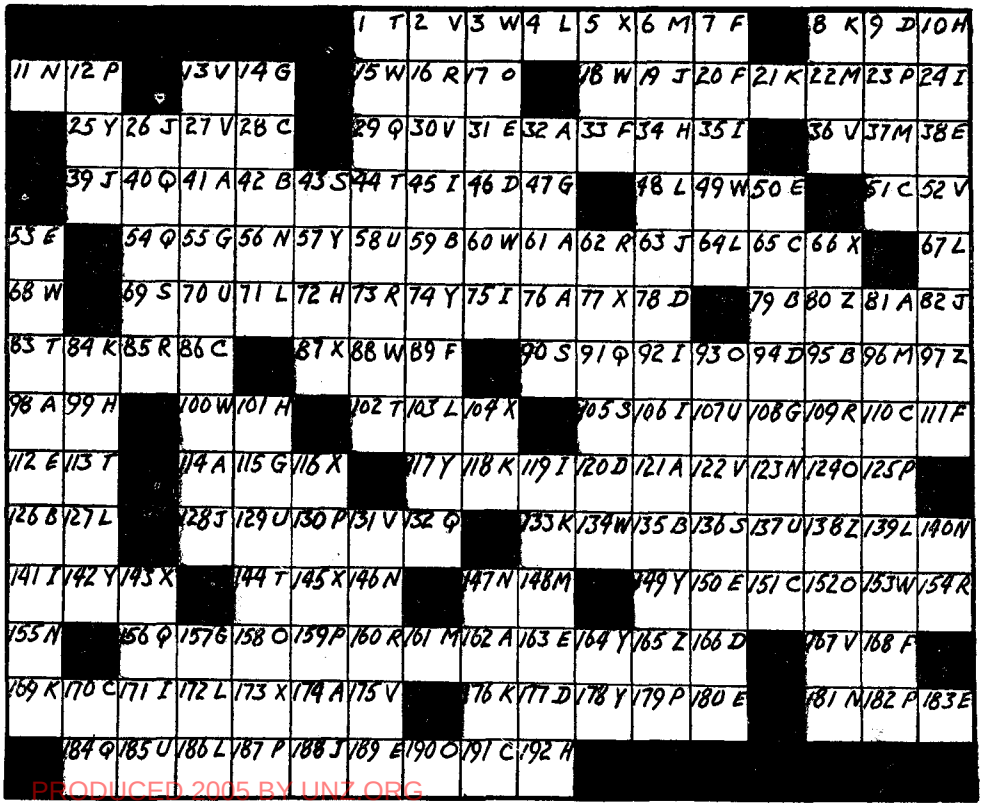
X. A centaur.

Y. Workers.

Z. Roman victory under Julius Caesar over Ptolemy (47 B. C.)

WORDS

41	174	81	76	98	114	121	32	162	61
42	79	126	95	135	59				
86	51	191	151	170	110	65	28		
177	166	94	9	46	78	120			
150	38	50	31	53	112	183	180	163	189
33	20	89	111	168	7				
108	157	14	47	115	55				
10	34	101	99	72	192				
35	45	92	141	75	171	106	24	119	
82	188	26	39	19	128	63			
176	84	133	8	118	21	169			
172	67	48	186	139	4	103	64	71	127
37	6	22	161	148	96				
123	155	11	147	56	181	146	140		
93	17	152	190	158	124				
179	187	182	159	23	125	130	12		
54	29	156	91	184	40	132			
85	109	160	154	62	16	73			
69	136	90	105	43					
1	113	44	83	144	102				
107	137	70	129	185	58				
52	2	131	36	30	167	122	13	27	175
88	100	60	3	153	134	18	49	15	68
5	87	66	173	116	143	145	77	104	
164	117	57	178	74	142	25	149		
165	97	138	80						



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